

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

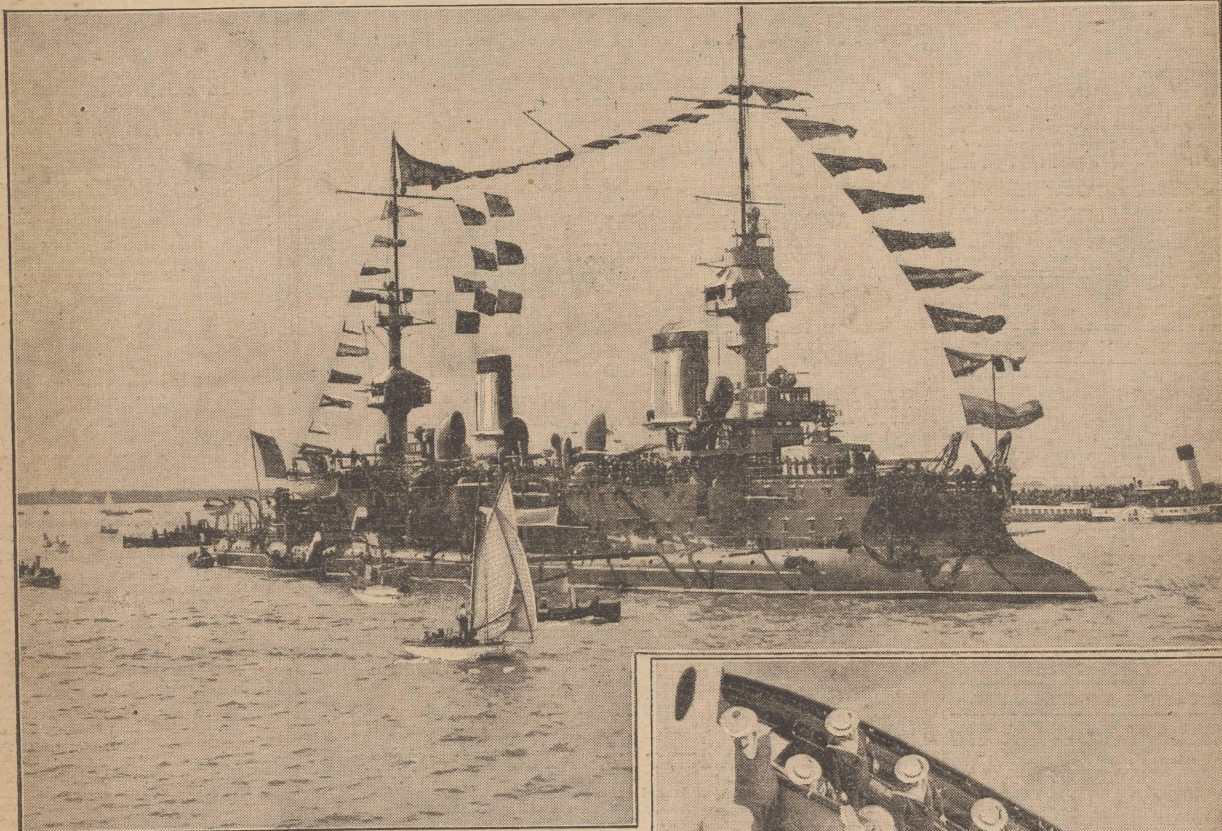
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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

KING EDWARD WELCOMES THE FRENCH FLEET IN THE SOLENT.



Vice-Admiral Caillard's flagship, the Masséna, photographed while the King was on board formally welcoming the French Northern Squadron to British waters. It will be noticed that the British Royal Standard is flying at the mast-head, and the King's barge can be seen by the gangway.



The first unofficial function after the arrival of the French Fleet at its anchorage was performed by the "Daily Mail" boat. Within a short time after the great battleships had taken up their allotted stations the crews were supplied with newspapers by the fast little vessel, of which we reproduce a photograph.



King Edward, followed by Vice-Admiral Caillard, passing down the gangway of the Masséna, after paying his official visit of greeting to the French commander. The photograph was taken from one of the military tops of the Masséna.

BIRTHS.

ETCHES.—On August 5, at Eastbridge House, Hythe, to Captain C. E. Etches, of the Warwickshire Regiment, and the Hon. Mrs. Etches—a son.

CARDNER.—On the 5th inst., at Belmont, Sydney-road, Guildford, the wife of Capt. H. M. Cardner—a son.

GERB.—On August 4, at a Grand Parade-mansions, Muswell Hill, the wife (Mrs. Leticia Knight) of John Leslie Gerb—a son.

LEGG.—On August 6, at 18, Chesham-road, Chelsea, the wife of Thomas M. Legg, M.D., of a son.

SW. LLEW..—On the 5th inst., at Tressady, Buckhurst Hill, the wife of Mr. Percy Swallow—a son.

WEBB.—On the 4th inst., at 9, Woodstock-road, Bedford Park, W., the wife of Maurice Lancelot Webb, of a daughter.

WOODHOUSE.—On August 4, at the Old Ford House, Stamford St. Mary, the wife of P. D. Woodhouse, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BRYAN-ASH.—On August 3, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Rev. Canon Henson, William J. South Bryan, to Alice Angelique Ash.

KNIGHT-TURNER.—On the 5th inst., at St. John's Church, Heme Bay, by the Rev. T. H. Watkins, vicar, assisted by the Rev. C. D. Duke, Alhro Charles Knight, only son of A. C. Knight, of Brockley, to Violet Evelyn, fourth daughter of the late J. B. Turner and Mrs. Turner, of Heme Bay.

ST. JAMES-CURRIE.—On August 5, at St. Peter's Church, Yateley, by the Rev. Canon Dyke, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. J. J. Colwell, uncle of the bride, groom, and the Rev. J. Beadell, vicar of the parish, John Bernard Currie, eldest son of J. P. Currie, Esq., J.P., of Hildes, Yateley, to Maude Julia Ayer, Fendall, third daughter of Major-General Fendall Currie, and granddaughter of Lady Currie, of Holmwood, Yateley.

WATSON-ROBERTS.—On August 2, at St. Matthew's Church, London, the Rev. Charles Orlin Watson, eldest son of Captain Edward Pictou Watson-Barrow, of 10, Ross-st., to Edith Louisa, eldest daughter of the late C. J. A. Roberts, of the Colonial Bank, Barbados, and granddaughter of Cavaliere B. F. J. Scott, Consul for Italy and Spain, of Trinidad, B.W.I.

DEATHS.

ASHER.—On the 5th inst., at Beechwood, Marrayfield, Wiltshire, Alexander Asher, K.C., Deputy Solicitor-General of Advocates and Member of Parliament for the Elgin Bursas.

BEVAN.—On August 5, at Swindon, Wills, Margaret Ann Souter, wife of Captain Bevan, late 51st Regt., H.M. Inspector of Excise, and daughter of the late John Kirkland, of Pine Grove, Dundee.

HOLMES.—On August 5, at 10, Drury, youngest son of the late Cecil P. Holmes, M.A., J.P., of Drury, Harrow, aged 37.

MITCHELL.—On August 4, the result of an accidental fall from the cliff at Dover, Charles William Francis Mitchell, of "Hillside," Chislehurst, Hampshire, the youngest son of the late Francis Henry Mitchell, aged 43.

PEACOCKE.—On August 4, at Denver, Dutch-road, Stratham, Mary Anne, the dearly-beloved wife of George William Peacocke, in her 32nd year. R.I.P.

WHITEHEAD.—On August 5, at his residence, Ponder House, Bletchingley, after a long illness mostly borne, Francis George Whitehead, aged 68 years.

WRIGHT.—On August 5, at the Hollis, Stoneygate, Leicester, Sir Thomas Wright, aged 67 years.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.
IMPORTANT CHANGES OF PROGRAMME.
PROGRAMME AT 12 (NOON) AND 2 P.M.
THE DIAMOND JEWELLERS. Cecil Raleigh sensational farce. Mrs. CLEMENT SCOTT as MAGGIE LEE, Mrs. BROWN POTTER and Mr. GILBERT HARRIS in "FAGGLES." Mr. A. C. LILLY in stirring Military Episode, "DRUMMED OUT." FRED HARCOURT in new and pleasing comedy, "THE GAMBLING MAN," sung by CAROLITA LEVEY. ILLUSTRATED SONG, GRAND RACING SPECTACLE, "THE DERBY." SELEST VARIETIES.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.
PROGRAMES AT 5 P.M. AND 8 P.M.
MISS MADGE LESSING in grand new scenes, "MY IRISH MOLLY" and "THE EVOLUTION OF RAG TIME." FLORENCE STRATTON in special reproduction of "I MAY BE CRAZY, BUT I LOVE YOU," and "THE HORSE THIEF." CLARA LEE in stirring Military Episode, "DRUMMED OUT." FRED HARCOURT in new and pleasing comedy, "THE GAMBLING MAN," sung by CAROLITA LEVEY. ILLUSTRATED SONG, GRAND RACING SPECTACLE, "THE DERBY." SELEST VARIETIES.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.
Prices—Boxes £2 2s., 1st 11s., 6d., and 2s. 6d. Panto. 10s., 6d., and 7s. 6d. Stalls 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. (Telephone No. 7659 Gerardi) Grand Tier 1s. Balcony 6d. (Telephone No. 7659 Gerardi) Children under 12 half-price to all Stalls. Telegrams, "Coliseum, London."

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.
CONTINUATION OF THE GREAT BANK HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.
Colonial and Indian Exhibition.
Representative Displays from parts of the
GREAT SOMALI ANIMAL CAMP.
Displays by Native Warriors, 2.30, 4.30 and 6.30.
CAPE CHANTANT, 4.0 and 8.0.
The famous Band of the West India Regiment.
BROCK'S FIREWORKS, VERY THUNDEROUS and SATURDAY.
Table d'Hôte Luncheon and Dinners in the new Dining-Rooms overlooking the grounds and fireworks displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGELER'S,"
OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. (Last Weeks). Over 200 Acting and Performing Artists, Daily 3 and 8. Children half-price. Telephone 4138 Grand.
"Jumbo Junior," S. city's latest pet, "At Home daily."

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Hotchboxes and Maxims.
The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handy-men.
NAVAL CONSTRUCTION, ARMAMENTS, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES.
NELSON'S CELEBRITY RELICS.
Fishing Village, 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.
BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS.
EXHIBITION, NAVAL BAND.
Go on board the full-size Cruiser.
Specially ventilated, coolest Show in London.
Real Batteries of 42 lbs. Hotchboxes and Maxims.
The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handy-men.
Our Navy. Captive Plying Machine. Great Red Indian Village. Voyage in a Submarine. Hunted Cat. Famous Sea Fights. Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Full Indian Cannon.

PERSONAL.

OTATREYE.—Can't wait longer. Come to-day, usual, eleven. Shall be there.

HARRY ADAMS, of Barnet.—Please write to J., Windsor-road, Holloway.

MOLLY.—Excusable under the circumstances. Quite understand. DYMOX.

THE "Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for 6d. a week to any address in the United Kingdom.—Address: The Publisher, 12, Whitefriars-st., London, E.C.

MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy sent free on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

* * * The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 5s. and 6d. per word after.—Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

SOUTHEA.—Carlton House, Western Parade—Private Hotel and Pension; front bedrooms and garden roof, with magnificent sight of the French coast, review, and illuminations; terms not raised.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A.—Art; easy work at home; tinting pictures and Xmas Cards; addressed envelope for particulars.—Art Studio, 6, Great James-st., W.C.

A.—Representative wanted for a first-class firm; no risk or outlay; exceptional opportunity for smart man with good references.—Write V. V. 1350, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

AGENTS wanted—6d. Firelighter lights 600 fires, last 12 months.—Lighter Depot, Netherhall, Doncaster.

AMBITIOUS Men anxious to get on should join the School of Motoring; prospectus (2d.) by return.—Berry-st., Liverpool; and 425, Deansgate, Manchester.

ART at Home.—How to turn artistic talent to account? free booklet.—Addressed envelope, Art School, 244, High Holborn, W.C.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR.—Wanted in the City, an experienced lady operator; thoroughly proficient; undoubted references as to character; salary 14s. per week.—Write 1354, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

MARKETING BY POST.

FROM THE ORCHARD TO THE HOME. 241b. Pershore Egg Plants sent direct August, when in best condition for cooking, bottling, and preserving; carefully packed in boxes and cartons paid to any station in England and Wales for 5s.; to Scotland, Ireland, etc., 5s. 6d. A customer writes: "Cars in packing is very important to your distant customers, and my experience shows you excel in this." An interesting booklet, giving full particulars, sent free on request in this paper.—H. B. Pollard, F.R.H.S., Green Hill, Evesham.

THE LAST DAYS OF SALE!!!

STUPENDOUS COMPULSORY

SALE OF FURNITURE

SEWING MACHINES, PERAMBULATORS, MANGLES, &c.

S. DAVIS & CO., Ltd.

Entire House Furnishers,

241, 243, 245, 247, & 251, High St., Borough, S.E.

MUST CLEAR their stock prior to removal, the Postmaster-General having acquired their PREMISES for POST-OFFICE EXTENSION. The immense stock will be offered at prices

CONSIDERABLY BELOW COST.

S. DAVIS & CO., Ltd., being manufacturers of all their goods, have a wholesale stock to offer, and this will prove the opportunity of the century. — CALL AT ONCE.

S. DAVIS & CO., Ltd.,

241, 243, 245, 247, & 251, High St., Borough, S.E.

Electric Cars from all parts of South London pass the doors. Premises almost facing Borough Station (South London Electric Railway). Only a few minutes' walk from London Bridge Station. Omnibuses from North and South London pass the doors. Accessible from all parts of London by rail, bus, and tram.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

OUTTAGE Organ; splendid tone; £4 10s.; bargain—115, Bishopsgate, Cambridge Heath, N.E.

COTTAGE Piano; good condition; £4 10s.; say terms—Fayre, 103, Approach-rd, Cambridge Heath, N.E.

PIANO Forte.—Lady wishes to sell privately her magnificent upright iron grand Ducrest-model piano fitted with check repeater action; exquisite mahogany panel and carved pillars; nearly new; original price 56s.; makers 20 years' warranty transferred; take 15s.; approval 7 clear days; marriage paid both ways if not approved £2 2s. Burdett, Bow, London.

15 Guinea.—Piano. "Duchess" Model (list price 30 guineas); by DALLMAINE (established 120 years); solid iron frame; upright grand; full compass; full trichord celeste action, etc.; in handsome carved case, 50in. in height, in an iron case; must be sold at once; 10 years' warranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher-class instrument within three years.—J. Almatine and Co. (established 120 years), 61, Finsbury-pavement City. Open till 7; Saturdays 2.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

A House for 6d. a day—Sixpence a day paid for 6 years will enable you to purchase a house worth £500 in any part of the United Kingdom.—Full particulars on application to J. J. Green (Box 273), 72 Bishopsgate-st Without, London, E.C.

ILFORD.—£10 down, balance as rent, 10s. per week, will purchase charming modern Villa, 18ft. frontage; parlor, kitchen, sunny bath, and three bedrooms; good garden; full particulars and photo sent on application.—Apply Builder, 224, Mortlake-rd, Ilford.

LARGE Roasting Bowls, Ducks, 4s., 5s., 6d. pairs; killed fresh; trussed.—Miss Thompson, Priory, Royston, Herts.

PLUMS.—Egg, 12lb. 2s. 9d., 24lb. 4s. 6d.; Victoria, 12lb. 4s. 6d., 24lb. 8s.; carriage paid for cash; Scotland, Ireland, and extra.—Jas. Pinner, Plumstead, and S. Thomas and Co., Grocers, Divesham. Please mention paper.

AI DEVONSHIRE CLOTTED CREAM
Superior quality, delicious flavour, absolutely pure, 4lb. 5d., 1lb. 2s. 4d., 2lb. 4s. free.—Mrs. Agnes, Brixton, Devonshire.

EDUCATIONAL.

GHATHAM House College, Hantsgate.—Founded 84 years. High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professions, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.K.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys on 15s.; 45-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

CIVIL SERVICE APPOINTMENTS AND BUSINESS TRAINING for youths and ladies; 15,000 situations already secured by Clark's College; few months' training only; most brilliantly successful.—England: Day, Evening, and Postal Classes, new terms, 21 August; 6 per cent. reduction during opening week; large guide free.—Clark's College, 3, Chancery-lane, London.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

CYCLISTS.—Are your tyres down whenever you want a ride; inner tubes are probably porous; tube of "Rubber Rejuvenator" by post 1s., or of all dealers! would make both inner and outer tubes, and know the reason why buy new tubes—Organic Chemical Co., Waltham-stow.

"The World & his Wife"

This Popular Magazine teems with social and domestic interest. It is above all others

THE SUPERB MAGAZINE For Woman & The Home.

Its established patronage is ample proof of its value and interest to every woman in the land. The Drawing-Room, Boudoir, the Nursery—all these, with countless other features, come within its scope, whilst a profusion of choice portraits and pictures lends to its pages a rare artistic charm. Its price is

SIXPENCE.

and each Copy contains a FREE Coloured Supplement (16 pages) for the Children.

AUGUST NUMBER ON SALE.

RINGS AND LIST OF BIRTH MONTH GEMS.

Jan.—Garnet	Feb.—Amethyst
March—Bloodstone	April—Sapphire
May—Emerald	June—Agate
July—Ruby	Aug.—Sardonyx
Sep.—Chrysolite	Oct.—Opal
Nov.—Topaz	Dec.—Turquoise

IF BORN in August wear a Sardonyx.
LADY'S 18-ct. GOLD RING, 1 Diamond, 2 Rubies, 30/-
Rings supplied on EASY TERMS.
For 30/- RING, send 2/6. Pay a further sum of 2/6 and get 1/6 Monthly or 27/- Cash. Post Free.
RINGS MADE TO ORDER.
No. 30, 18-ct. 30/-
MASTERS, Ltd., 75, HOPE STORES, AVE. ENGD.

10/- DOWN BUYS OUR

'ROYAL AJAX' CYCLE.
Price £5 15 net

Payments only 10s. per month.
Swift, New Design, Boxer, Rides everywhere, etc., etc., from 10s. monthly. Write for our 50-page Free Price List. THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO., Ltd. (S.A. Dept.), 58, Edgware-road, London, W.

CAUTION.—Please note Hackney Furnishing Co. painted over the premises before furnishing. We are compelled to notify this in consequence of numerous imitators deceiving many of our customers.

HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD.
GREAT BARGAINS FOR FURNISHING.

CALL AT ONCE.	Worth.	Per month.
£100.....	0 0 0	0 0 0
£200.....	0 10 0	0 10 0
£300.....	0 17 6	0 17 6
£400.....	1 0 0	1 0 0
£500.....	1 5 0	1 5 0
£600.....	2 0 0	2 0 0
£700.....	2 10 0	2 10 0
£800.....	3 0 0	3 0 0
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PORTSMOUTH FESTIVITIES.

Officers of the Twin Fleets
Cordially Fraternise.

"JACQUES" ASHORE.

French Seamen Very "Shy," but
Eager to See the Sights.

THE KING'S HOSPITALITY.

Complete Success of the Visit
Already Assured.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PORTSMOUTH, Tuesday.—We have settled down to enjoy ourselves. Yesterday we greeted the noble fleet which has come as the friendly envoy of a great people, but for to-morrow's inspection of the combined fleets by the King unrestrained festivity is the order.

On one hand lie the two great lines of warships. At their heels follow their evil-looking black attendants.

On the other hand a bevy of mincing white yachts are bowing gently under every stretch of canvas—for the breeze is of the lightest.

They have just started for the Royal Cup, and the German Emperor's Meteor is well to the fore in the race, as was yesterday to meet the arriving fleet.

Right ahead, amid a garden—one cannot say forest, for it is all too gay—of yacht masts and bunting, lies the royal yacht, and the great battleships are as peaceful as the white-winged yachts. White awnings and long lines of fluttering bunting soften their warlike severity.

FRIENDLY ADMIRALS.

On shore in Cowes it is blazing hot, and crowded to suffocation. In fact, it is hardly Cowes as most people know it. It is Cowes and Southend mixed.

As one o'clock approached the crowd grew thicker than ever about the landing-stage of the Royal Yacht Squadron, for Admiral Caillaud and his superior officers were to lunch with the squadron. It was a fine sight—a sight to bring the "entente cordiale" home to one—to see Sir John Fisher and Admiral Caillaud stroll up the steps together at the head of a knot of their officers and join the crowd of officers and brilliantly-gowned women, every face aglow with enthusiastic friendliness.

The throng of sightseers were so intent upon this, the first public manifestation of the rapprochement, that they hardly deigned to turn their heads as the cannons starting and signalling in the yacht races were fired close at hand.

A move was soon made for lunch, however, the feminine part of the crowd on the Royal Yacht Squadron lawn filing out, and the sightseers moving on to listen to the band and the niggers. In spite of the doom of the "burnt-cork" minstrel having sounded, there are still a few of them fighting hard against pirotot and fate in Cowes.

Lunch over, the afternoon was a busy time.

An inspection of the Osborne Convalescent Home for Officers and Lady Gort's garden-party kept the French officers—and the newspaper correspondents—fully occupied.

Admiral Caillaud and some of the superior French officers went by boat to Kingston to inspect the engineer workshops before they joined the others at Osborne.

FRENCHMEN DELIGHTED.

At four o'clock the whole party moved on to East Cowes Castle for the garden-party. This was the French officers' first introduction to a stately English home, the battlemented building, its emerald lawn backed by great oaks and elms, the gay crowd wandering everywhere in the conservatories, the picture galleries, and the shaded walks, making up a picture not easily to be forgotten. The only hitch was when the energetic Seahorse fouled the ferry cable to East Cowes and stopped all the carriages of the guests on the way to the garden-party. Still, the delay was not a long one, and everyone was in the best of tempers.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra went to the reception on board the Jauréguiberry in the evening, and the great lines of warships were again illuminated.

Mr. Plavin, M.P., has given notice to ask the Secretary of State for War, whether, during the visit of the French fleet it is proposed to continue to display signboards and bunting in connection with the Nelson Centenary Exhibition in Whitehall.

At a meeting of the Portsmouth Town Council yesterday the mayor proposed a resolution warmly

welcoming the French fleet, and wishing permanence to the entente cordiale. The resolution was carried unanimously. All the members wore tricolour rosettes.

A capital illustrated guide and programme of the fêtes is published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, with the title, "Under Two Flags." It will be found most useful by visitors to Portsmouth.

ON THE ROYAL YACHT.

French Commander Describes the King's
Genial Treatment of Naval Guests.

One of the French guests on board the royal yacht, an officer commanding one of the battleships, in an interview yesterday spoke with enthusiasm of the King's geniality.

"He speaks French like a Parisian, and knows our service intimately. To me he spoke as though he had known me all my life."

"The Queen, too, was most kind, and I, who was quite prepared to find the King blase of fetes and deceptions, since he must be so used to them, was surprised at the keen interest his Majesty took in the illuminations and fireworks. When the whole fleet was lit with big devices of red, white and blue, he cried in French, 'That is very good indeed.'"

"Our men are, of course, very shy. England to them is a new country, and they are not quite so adaptable as your English seamen."

PARISIAN COMMENT.

French Newspapers Jubilant Over Britain's
Welcome.

All the French newspapers devote columns to accounts of the festivities.

"Never," says the "Eclair," "has a people offered its friendship to another with more ardour and magnificence, and, if we do not return to Great Britain love for love, embrace for embrace, she will feel cruel surprise and disappointment."

"It is a happy historic event," says the "Siècle." "It is a British alliance rising in all its brilliance and all its strength beside the somewhat worn Russian alliance."

"It is not necessary," remarks the "Lanterne," "that this entente should contain an idea of hostility towards another nation. We are happy to be on good terms with Great Britain, but we do not want on that account to be on bad terms with Germany. Our policy must be a policy of peace."

BRILLIANT SOCIAL WEEK.

Visit of the French Fleet Lends Additional
Gaiety to Entertaining at Cowes.

From a social point of view this week at Cowes is proving a brilliant success.

The visit of the French fleet has added to the gaiety of the entertainments, and garden-parties, lunches, dinners, and receptions are the order of the day.

The garden-party given by Lady Gort, at East Cowes, was quite a large affair. All the officers of the French and English fleets were present, wearing frock-coats. The other men present wore blue serge and yachting caps, which in nearly every case had white covers.

Lord and Lady Iveagh are entertaining at Cowes, many of their guests going out in Lord Iveagh's yacht, the new *Colonia*.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has the White Lodge this season, is entertaining at Egypt House, and among her guests are Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams and Mrs. George Cornwallis-West.

CORONATION DAY.

To-day, the third anniversary of the Coronation of King Edward VII., the royal salute of forty-one guns will be fired in St. James's Park at noon by the G Battery of Royal Artillery, and at the Tower by the Royal Garrison Artillery.

KAISER'S EYES ON INDIA.

Extraordinary Story of His Imperial Majesty's
Intentions.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The "Echo de Paris" publishes to-day a report of an interview with a statesman whose utterances, it says, carry great weight in a certain northern country.

This diplomatist, who "knows the German Emperor," is represented to have declared that in reality William II. had his eyes on India, and that his Majesty had proved this by various demonstrations.

The Morocco affair was only a comedy intended to frighten France and to draw her willy nilly toward Germany.—Reuter.

HIGH U.S. OFFICIAL RESIGNS.

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The "Press" says Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, has asked Mr. Roosevelt to accept his resignation as soon as possible. It is probable that Mr. Shaw may retire before his successor is appointed.—Lafan.

SCORES OF PEOPLE BURIED ALIVE.

Great American "Store" Suddenly Col-
lapses During Business Hours.

Within less than twenty-four hours three disasters have occurred in the State of New York, causing a loss of some £400,000 and, it is feared, a large number of lives.

The most terrible of these disasters was the collapse of a large departmental store in Albany. This building, which is one of the largest in the town, belongs to Messrs. Myers and Company. It collapsed without the slightest warning yesterday morning, and over a hundred people, mostly employees of the firm, were buried in the ruins.

Firemen, police, and rescue parties formed by citizens at once set to work, and in a few hours seventy-five people were dragged from the debris.

Some were but little hurt, but forty of them were seriously injured, and some terrible sights were witnessed by the rescuers and the great crowds that gathered.

Over fifty more people are believed to be buried in the ruins, and at present it is impossible to estimate the number that have been killed.

CHURCH BURNED DOWN.

St. Thomas's Church, New York, which stands in the centre of the wealthiest quarter of the city, was, says Reuter's correspondent, yesterday destroyed by fire.

St. Thomas's Church was one of the most fashionable churches in New York, and has been the scene of many notable weddings, amongst them being that of the Duke of Roxburghe and Miss May Goelet in 1900.

Its value was represented at £200,000. It possessed an enormous organ, and was famous throughout the country for the beauty of its musical services. It was one of the chief architectural features of New York.

Over one hundred thousand pounds damage was done by a big water-side fire at Hoboken last night, wired the Central News correspondent yesterday.

MONARCHS MENACED.

Italian Author Suspected of Inciting Persons
To Murder European Sovereigns.

Entitled "The Insurrection," a work written by Adolphe Antonelli, in Italian, preached anarchy and attempted to justify crimes of assassination and murder.

The author is suspected of inciting certain unknown persons to murder Sovereign rulers of Europe.

"The Insurrection" was printed in Switzerland, but circulated in Soho, and was there seized by the police.

Antonelli, the author, and Francisca Barberi, a news-writer, were arrested—one in Southampton, the other in Soho.

Charged at Bow-street yesterday with publishing illegal articles in the paper, they were remanded.

DOVE AT AN ORDINATION.

Hovers Over the Head of Newly-Consecrated
Priests in Roman Catholic Church.

An extraordinary incident which occurred at the English Martyrs' Church, Preston, has just been reported.

During the ordination of three new priests by the Bishop of Liverpool a dove flew into the church and hovered over the heads of the newly-ordained priests. Then, after resting on the altar for several minutes, it flew across the transept and down the church to the choir, returning thence to the sanctuary, where it remained during the Elevation of the Host.

SLAVERY DENIED.

Sir Alfred Jones on Conditions of Cotton-
Growing in West Africa.

Allegations against the British Cotton Association of employing slave-labour in British Nigeria were described by Sir Alfred Jones, the president of the association, yesterday, as "veritable nonsense."

He said: "Not only are the natives free men, but they are protected by the Government authorities. They are paid so much per day according to the contracts which they make, and which are similar to those existing among British workmen."

CHANNEL FLEET'S BALTIC CRUISE.

According to the "Stockholmsblad," the British Consulate has been making inquiries at Stockholm as to whether the Södertelje anchorage is capable of accommodating a large British fleet.

PEACE PESSIMISTS.

Dubious Outcome of the Meeting
of Russian and Japanese Envoys.

"WAR WILL GO ON."

The Russian and the Japanese envoys have arrived at Portsmouth, U.S.A., for the purpose of holding the great peace conference, for the outcome of which the world is waiting, if not with buoyant hope, at any rate with the keenest anxiety.

M. Witte, who is regarded as the strongest peace advocate for Russia, is credited (by the Central News correspondent) with being resolutely opposed to peace at any price, and will not consent to any cessation of territory.

Baron Kaneko, the Japanese financial agent, questioned in New York yesterday, said (according to Reuter) the opinion in Japan was that the war would go on.

In an interview with Reuter's correspondent M. Witte stated yesterday that he had read a dispatch from Tokio published in America stating that 40,000 Russians had been captured in Saghalien, where the whole garrison did not number more than 4,000.

"I have no wish," he said, "to minimise the success or the bravery of the Japanese, but I cannot help being surprised at such dispatches from Tokio."

"If the Russian soldiers who have from time to time been reported at Tokio as captured, killed, or wounded, had in fact been so, Russia would not possess any army at all, and my journey to the United States would have been quite superfluous."

AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

Hopes of peace appear to be stronger at the seat of war than in America, according to two Exchange telegrams.

The first, from St. Petersburg, states that the Chinese in Manchuria report that Marshal Oyama has addressed the population at Chautaufo asking them to proceed quietly with the cultivation of their land, as the war will soon end.

For the second the special Manchurian correspondent of the Paris "Matin" is responsible.

After accusing the Russian officers of flagrant want of discipline and continued gaiety, he states that he does not believe General Linievitch is as prepared to meet the Japanese as has been several times reported.

The only party who are crying for war to the knife are the general officers of the headquarters staff, the treasury officials, and the administrators, who have everything to gain by continuing it.

The soldiers are expecting peace, and are awaiting orders to return home.

FINANCIERS VISIT PRESIDENT.

OYSTER BAY, Tuesday.—Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Shaw (Secretary of the Treasury) and Baron Kaneko (the Japanese financial agent) visited Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt himself is the authority for the statement that Mr. Morgan came to confer with him upon affairs connected with the Canton-Hankau Railway, a branch of which the Morgan Company holds the controlling interest.—Reuter.

CIVILISED CANNIBALS.

Shocking Tale of Atrocity in German Protec-
torate of the Cameroons.

Passengers arriving at Antwerp from West Central Africa bring a fearful tale of cannibalism.

The Cameroons is a German Protectorate inhabited by Sudanes negroes and Bantus, who are said to be in a fairly advanced stage of civilisation.

They are, however, of a warlike nature, and one tribe, known as the Niems, have killed and eaten 2,000 negroes and eight of the population of some 400 whites.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Enormous fires in the Spanish province of Castile have destroyed a vast number of pine, cedar, and cork trees.

A Belgian State Inspector just back from the Congo has said that six attempts were made by natives to poison him in two days.

The Postmaster-General announces that he does not think it would be right to introduce legislation enabling M.P.s to post correspondence free from the House of Commons.

Two express trains have collided between Spremberg and Schleife, in Germany, four goods and five passenger coaches being almost destroyed. Fifteen to twenty persons were killed.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Freshening southwesterly winds; fine to doleful and unsettled; rain by afternoon or evening; rather warm.

Lighting-up time, 8.33 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate in the south and east, rather rough in the west.

ARE WE PREPARED FOR WAR?

Mr. Balfour Says "Yes" to Lord Roberts's "No."

AGITATION BREWING.

"I do not agree with the statement of Lord Roberts."

That was the Prime Minister's answer in the House of Commons yesterday to the warnings which our late Commander-in-Chief has been giving about the utter unreadiness of the British Army for war.

Mr. Balfour had been attacked on the subject by Mr. Asquith, who quoted the declaration of "our greatest soldier" that the country was ill-prepared for war as at the outbreak of the South African campaign, and who said there was, with reference to the Army, "a growing feeling of disquiet and alarm."

The Prime Minister, in his reply, expressed his dissent from Lord Roberts's view that the Army was in the same state as in 1899. He believed it had improved quite as much as the Army of 1899 had improved upon the Army of 1895.

Unconvincing Assurance.

This is not a very comforting assurance, seeing how badly the Army organisation of 1899 broke down. The Conservatives in the House of Commons cheered it, but there are many people who believe Lord Roberts is better informed than Mr. Balfour.

Among these people must be included the Naval and Military Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce. Moved by the speech Lord Roberts made to the members of the Chamber last week, this committee intends to make an effort to arouse public opinion to the necessity for universal military training.

A meeting will be held next week, at which Lord Brassey will preside, to discuss the best means of opening the eyes of the nation to the danger of having an Army upon which we cannot rely should it be called upon again to defend British interests as it did in South Africa.

It looks as if this would be the beginning of a great agitation in favour of universal service.

OUR FOOD IN WAR TIME.

Is England Safe from the Danger of Starvation by Blockade?

Another question of equal importance with that of the Army is: What would England do for food if a great maritime war broke out between her and another European Power?

This question, involving so many gigantic possibilities, has been the subject of inquiry by a Royal Commission for over a year past, and last night the report, a bulky volume of 200 pages, was issued.

The Royal Commission thinks it is established that a larger stock of grain and meat would be an advantage.

Of fresh killed meat it is, of course, impossible for large stocks to be held; of frozen meat there is at present rarely more than a month's supply kept in London.

Of butter there is rarely more than would last a week.

Of wheat and flour there has never been less than seven weeks' supply since 1897-8, but in 1898, 1900-2 there was less than seven and a half weeks' stock, and on several occasions recently there has been less than eight weeks.

Is this a safe margin? The Commission thinks it would be unwise to depend too much on the observance of international law, and therefore it would be safer to have larger stocks existing in the country.

A scheme of encouraging dealers by offering storage room rent free would be open to the fewest objections economically, and might be tried as an experiment.

LORD ROBERTS AND THE BOYS

Lord Robert made a telling speech in addressing the Public Schools' Brigade at Aldershot on Bank Holiday.

He said a goodly number of civilians most patriotically came forward at the time of the South African war, but some of them—a good many indeed—had lugh at you, and say you are only playing at soldiers, and do not listen to those who, when you are older, will tell you that patriotism is only another word for brag and jingoism. Those who are best at any game are almost certain to be the ones with the least brag and swagger.

READY FOR THE GROUSE.

Birds Not So Plentiful and Moors Not So Much in Request.

Saturday is the "Glorious Twelfth," and society is migrating northwards in readiness for the morning rush. At the same time the birds are not so plentiful as of yore, and the moors are not so much in request.

The rush to the North, however, is not so great as it was last years. The demand for grouse moors and deer forests has been much smaller than usual, and rents have dropped very considerably.

"Money is short for one thing," said a well-known firm of estate agents yesterday. "The motor-car, too, has done its share towards lessening the demand for shootings. People have spent on new cars what they have usually expended on sport."

"Neither are grouse so plentiful as usual, although there has been no disease. Some moors are so well stocked that many records are likely to be broken, but, generally speaking, birds are by no means so numerous as they might be. Yorkshire moors are better stocked than many much further north."

The Duke of Devonshire's Derbyshire moors, too, are reported to be in fine condition, and the Duke of Rutland's estate, which adjoins Chatsworth, is well stocked. In the Welsh hills surrounding the Dee Valley the grouse are said to be more plentiful than ever before.

Among the well-known people who are occupying Scottish grouse moors this year are Lord Wolverton, the Dowager Countess of Winchelsea, Sir Charles Ross, the Earl of Mansfield, the Earl of Dalhousie, Lord Lansdowne, Sir Donald Currie, the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Asquith, Sir Alfred Hickman, the Earl of Elgin, Colonel Pilkington, M.P., the Duke of Westminster, Lord Brassey, and Viscount Portman.

VETERAN OF THE CAMERA.

French Officers To Be Photographed at Westminster by Sir Benjamin Stone.

Not only are the French naval officers who come to Westminster Hall on Saturday to be presented with a photographic souvenir of the Houses of Parliament by Sir Benjamin Stone, but that gentleman will also photograph them.

The grand old man of photography, Sir Benjamin Stone, shares with Mr. Chamberlain the distinction of representing Birmingham in Parliament, and he has photographed practically every event of importance for years past.

Since 1897 he has photographed every M.P. and every stone and corner of the Houses and Abbey have been photographed by him and embodied in a collection which is in the British Museum.

In China Sir Benjamin had some strange experiences. His life was once attempted after he had taken a snap of someone, it being considered unlucky to be photographed.

HUSBANDS IGNORED.

Smart Society Women Have Given a New Meaning to the Word "I."

A new meaning has recently been given to the simple little personal pronoun "I."

"Smart" women nowadays never use the first person plural when speaking of themselves and their husbands, their plans, possessions, and intentions.

"I am going to Homburg," means "I and my husband are going." "I have taken a shooting-box in Scotland and shall entertain there," does not mean a lady hostsess alone; it includes the husband. But he is never mentioned nowadays.

To acknowledge him, mere man, as the provider of yachting and trips abroad, of motor-cars, shooting-boxes, and country-houses, is to completely destroy yourself socially.

No "smart" society woman ought to be seen often with her husband, and to speak of him makes her "impossible."

CITY INDIGNANT WITH L.C.C.

City authorities threaten strong opposition to the London County Council's action instituting costly fire appliances of particular types in City buildings.

"Quite half the buildings in the City will have to be altered, structurally," a City merchant told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Business is bad enough now. We do not want the L.C.C. to run us into any more expense."

LUCKY SERVANT.

"To his faithful servant Ellen Bottoms," Mr. Joseph Hibbert, of Strathmore House, Heaton Norris (Lancs), left a legacy of £500 and the income for life from a trust fund of £5,000.

Conditional upon her residing with his wife for life he also left her all his household effects,

NEW VEHICLES PAY.

Motor-Omnibuses Bring Profit to Big London Companies.

HORSES MUST GO.

More than a million out of the total of 37,377,896 passengers carried by the London Road Car Company during the past six months were conveyed by motor-omnibuses.

Mr. John H. Moore, the chairman of the company, also congratulated the shareholders at their meeting yesterday that the receipts per car had improved, the weekly average being 5s. 5d. better, which result, he said, is directly due to the greater earning power of the motor-vehicles.

For the first time motor-fuel and lubricants appeared in the accounts, and repairs showed an increase; but the reduction of expense in connection with horses counter-balanced these items.

The London General Omnibus Company have started a new motor-omnibus service from the Law Courts to Cricklewood. These vehicles will follow a route slightly different from that taken by the "Vanguards," for they will go via Charing Cross and Regent-street.

Cheaper Travelling.

A further reduction in fares has been made by this company on the Elephant and Castle to Charing Cross route, in consequence of the competition by the "Vanguards."

Everything tends to show that in a very short time Londoners will be able to travel from one part of town to another not only much more quickly, but much more cheaply.

The keen competition among the various companies has resulted in a vast improvement in the character of vehicle employed, and experiments are still being made in the further improvement of the motor-omnibus.

The demand for new vehicles, however, has been so great that makers have been quite unable to supply them. They cannot turn them out fast enough. If the number on order were delivered at once it would mean the withdrawal of several hundreds of horse-drawn omnibuses from the streets of London.

FUSSY TRAVELLERS.

Railway Officials Exasperated by the Fads of Selfish Passengers.

"Judging from the fuss made by travellers to the North," writes "Ambrosia" in the "World," "the past season must have made sad havoc with everybody's nerves, and unless we improve in the course of a few seasons we shall need doctors, professional nurses, special cooks for the various kinds of dietists, a fully-qualified chemist, and an experienced masseuse on every long-distance train journey."

"It is absolutely ludicrous to watch the preparations at King's Cross and Euston for the various passengers going North at this time. Men are every whit as fussy as women, and unhappy officials have their wits and their patience well-nigh exhausted in brave efforts to pander to the general selfishness, the luxuriousness, vulgar ostentation, and illtemper of many modern travellers."

"Each separate passenger seems to imagine the train should be planned, run, and attended entirely for his or her comfort."

LESSONS FROM GERMANY.

Church Army Hopes to Get Hints for Labour Colonies on the Continent.

"The administration of poor-law relief in Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Denmark costs only about one-third of what it does in England."

So said the Rev. W. Carlile, who left England for a tour through those countries yesterday on behalf of the Church Army.

"There must," he added, "be a great deal to be learnt in that direction, and we have introductions from the Home Office and Foreign Office and from Denmark from members of the Royal Household."

He hopes to gather information of value in extending the "land colonies" of the Church Army at home and in Canada, by which it is hoped to reclaim the poverty-stricken town dwellers of England.

The new scheme of extension will cost £100,000 but Mr. Carlile is hopeful it will be collected, and he mentions that £100,000 has been spent by the army in the last sixteen years.

ARAB KIDNAPPERS ALERT.

More kidnapping of Europeans at Tangier is threatened, and this time the romance of a love affair is at the root of the trouble.

The parties are a Frenchman and a Moorish woman of the Ehlesrif tribe, and the men of this tribe, by way of revenge, intend to carry off the first European they catch upon their territory.

MIRACLE LANGUAGE.

English Esperantists Overcome National Reserve and Wax Loquacious.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BOULOGNE, Tuesday.—It is only by shouting "Vivo l'Esperanto!" that it is possible to evade the many well-intending Esperantists who regularly accost wearers of the green star.

Russians, Germans, Indians, and even Englishmen have cultivated the very bad habit of wishing any stranger "Bonan tagon, singoro!" and immediately plunge into Esperanto conversation.

Lady Esperantists, without regard for decorum, willingly enter into Esperanto conversation with perfect strangers.

A remarkable incident occurred to-day; it will give an idea of the tremendous enthusiasm of Esperantists. Over fifty of them were walking together on the Quai Gambetta. Suddenly, and with one accord, they came to a full stop, and one of them then addressed the people in Esperanto.

Handbills were distributed and grammar books given away free.

The Esperantist ball last night was a brilliant success. The costumes were representative of all nations.

At the meetings to-day it was urged that Esperanto should be recognised as a language by the postal and telegraph authorities, and a committee was appointed for the organisation of an international linguistic academy.

On Thursday the congress will visit Folkestone and Dover, returning to Calais in the evening.

VESTRYMAN-ACTOR.

How the Long Run of "Sweet Lavender" Made Mr. Edward Terry's Fortune.

"Of late years Edward Terry has appeared more frequently in the provinces than in the Strand. It is London's misfortune that he cannot find better plays."

This statement, taken from Jehu, Junior's, sketch of the popular actor which accompanies the clever cartoon in this week's "Vanity Fair," will be heartily echoed by all Londoners who admire good acting.

At nineteen Mr. Terry left his office stool to tell my lord that the carriage waits. He appeared at the Surrey, the Strand, the Lyceum, and the Gaiety, and after ten years of popular triumphs crossed to Terry's, "Sweet Lavender," which ran for 670 performances, made him a man of means.

He is a vestryman, and has spoken at the Church Congress.

LIONS ON ROUNDABOUTS.

Tamer's Conviction for Cruelty to a Pony Which Was Bitten Not To Be Quashed.

One of several lions in roundabout cars at a Nottingham performance jumped out and bit the pony propelling them. The pony was afterwards destroyed.

Herr Thielbar, the tamer, was convicted of cruelty and fined. Yesterday he asked the High Court to set aside the conviction.

Counsel asked whether, in the event of a cat being worried by a dog in the owner's absence, he could be convicted of cruelty.

Mr. Justice Ridley, however, said there was a difference between such a case and that of an originally savage animal. The appeal was dismissed with costs.

BAD DAYS FOR BOOKMAKERS.

Modern Betting Tendencies Tell Against the Layer of Odds.

Despite the general impression, the calling of the bookmaker is not nearly so prosperous as it was.

The old days of ante-post betting, when bookmakers made thousands on a single race, are over, and relatively few bets are made before the horses go to the post.

The stories of how Ridsdale won £47,000 on St. Giles in the Derby of 1892, and how other bookmakers made fortunes, belong to the old days of sheet lists, which were stopped by law, and since which time the calling of the bookmaker has materially declined as a money-making concern.

PLEASURE YACHT IN COLLISION.

The famous pleasure yacht *Midnight Sun*, well known to English tourists who have visited Norway, was in collision yesterday with the Norwegian mail steamer *Karmsund*.

The *Midnight Sun* was bound for Sand Ryfylke, and the mail steamer for Bergen. The collision took place in Bukken Fiord, near Stavanger.

The yacht proceeded for her destination little the worse.

ROMANCE OF FINANCE.

Mr. Hooley's Partner Says They Made £3,000,000 on One Deal.

CITY MAGNATE'S FALL.

The story of a man who, from a little cycle manufacturer at Bethnal Green, rose suddenly to the position of a financial magnate and then as suddenly collapsed, was unfolded in the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday.

The debtor in question was Mr. Martin Diederich Rucker, and, according to the answers he tendered to Mr. Grey, the Official Receiver, his transactions ran into huge amounts, especially at the time when he was associated with Mr. E. T. Hooley in his gigantic promotions.

The amended statement of affairs, produced yesterday, showed liabilities estimated to rank at £12,000, but no available assets were disclosed.

It was in 1882 that Rucker started business as a cycle manufacturer in Bethnal Green.

He was then in partnership with a Mr. Jackson, but in 1884 they came to an arrangement with their creditors.

In the same year he became manager of the London branch of the business, which was subsequently acquired by the Humber Company. On the promotion of the company he became general manager of the business, and in that capacity earned in one year £90,000.

He then became a director of the company, and was introduced to Mr. E. T. Hooley. They entered into an arrangement under which they agreed for a division of profits arising out of certain transactions.

A Big Deal.

Their principal deal was in connection with the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company.

They made a gross profit of £3,000,000 from the purchase of the Dunlop patent under the resale to the company and the net profit for division was something like £1,000,000.

Altogether the debtor said he had received about £240,000 as a result of his transactions with Mr. Hooley, and he also became possessed of the yacht Venetia, which he afterwards sold to Mr. Whitaker Wright for £30,000, and the yacht Britannia.

In 1890 he purchased the Woodlands, Surrey, and became Master of the West Surrey Stag-hounds, as well as an owner and breeder of racehorses and a yachtsman.

The debtor admitted that instead of investing his capital and living on the proceeds he used it in various speculative investments. In 1899 he sold the Woodlands, and afterwards took Woodcroft, Earlwood, in the name of his wife.

The Woodlands had cost him £45,000 in the first instance, and he spent £50,900 in living there and in erecting buildings. He sold the place at a heavy loss. He incurred a further loss of £36,000 on the sale to Mr. Hooley of Setton Lodge, which he had taken for the purpose of training racehorses. He sold the lodge for shares, but they proved valueless.

Losses in Thousands.

Part of his capital had disappeared in the purchase and resale of racehorses. Some £22,700 had gone in that way, and a considerable number had involved him in losses amounting to £290,700.

In the course of further questions Mr. Rucker said he had lost £40,000 on the Woodlands, £36,000 on his racing stables, which were purchased by Mr. Harry McCalmont, £13,000 on some racehorses sold at Tattersalls, and £23,000 loaned to a gentleman for buy shares.

He admitted that he had spent his wife's account because his own had run dry.

Mr. Grey: Your wife claims for £2,400 money lent. Did she have any money when you began business?—About £1,500. But she has come into money from two different sources since, and she has made money as well.

But you have put money into your wife's account since 1897?—Only very small sums. The examination was concluded.

HOLIDAY AFTERMATH.

Charges at the Metropolitan Courts About Normal in Number.

Charges arising out of Bank Holiday celebrations at the metropolitan police courts were about normal.

Lambeth headed the list with fifty-four, West London second with forty, Bow-street and Brentford had twenty-one each, and Acton and Willesden shared the credit of being lowest with six apiece.

"HUNTED DOWN."

George Emmott told the Brentford magistrates yesterday that as a returned convict trying to earn an honest living, he was always being hunted down by the police.

Accused of squirting water at passers-by on Kew Bridge from some toy cameras he was offering for sale, he was discharged.

ARE ANIMALS HAPPY?

Manager of the Zoological Gardens Says "No."

Lovers of animals and keepers of pets are eagerly discussing the statement by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, editor of the "Country-Side," that, in his opinion, no animal except man knows what it is to be happy or unhappy.

And in some quarters surprise is expressed by Mr. Robinson's further remark that if he had to be changed into some animal he would select an anthropoid ape as being the nearest approach to man.

Mr. R. S. Pocock, the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he agrees with Mr. Robinson that animals do not know what it is to be happy or unhappy.

"It is necessary to put it in those words," said Mr. Pocock, "for I take it that Mr. Robinson means that animals are not conscious of happiness or unhappiness."

"Animals, of course, feel pain and pleasure. But, unlike human beings, they do not reflect on these things."

"You see a dog chasing a hare, and someone exclaims, 'Now he's happy!'"

"But I do not think the dog is conscious of being happy, though he is, of course, enjoying himself."

"Scientific observers who have made the most careful experiments and observed animals for years do not credit them with the higher emotions."

"But when Mr. Robinson says he would choose to be an anthropoid ape if he had to choose among the animals, I disagree with him."

The anthropoid ape is an extremely sensitive creature, feeling slight pain intensely."

CONGREGATION PACIFIED.

Happy Ending to the Dismissal of the Rev. Richard Free.

The trouble which caused the people of Millwall to boycott Christ Church has been happily ended.

It arose through the Rev. E. Hartley, Vicar of Christ Church, dismissing the Rev. Richard Free from St. Cuthbert's, where his ministrations had been much appreciated by the people. The vicar gave as his reason for the dismissal that the independence of St. Cuthbert's could not be allowed to continue.

Now the Bishop of London has presented the Rev. Richard Free with the living of St. Clement's, Fulham, a parish containing 12,000 people.

Mr. Free has been warmly congratulated by the people of Millwall, who resented his dismissal from St. Cuthbert's.

ESCAPING FROM ESCAPE.

Fire Brigade and Police Hunt Gang of Burglars on Roofs of Sheffield Houses.

Early yesterday morning, two men were keeping a strict watch outside Mr. J. Sermin's jeweller's premises, in Watson-walk, Sheffield.

They were bad watchers. Before they could give the alarm to the burglars inside the shop, the premises had been surrounded by policemen. Up climbed the burglars to the roof, and up after them climbed the police.

Presently the fire brigade then appeared, bringing with them an escape.

After a thorough exploration a man was discovered between the slates of the roof and the top-story ceiling. It was suspected that another marauder had hidden near, but after an hour's search it was concluded that he had escaped.

PLAYING ON DOCTORS.

Piano-Tuner's Alleged Frauds on North-Country Medical Men.

According to allegations made against him yesterday at Carlisle, Mr. Charles W. Stanley, a pianoforte-tuner, finds human nature an easy and profitable instrument to play on.

He was charged with obtaining a sovereign from a Carlisle medical man by representing himself as an insurance agent and promising to appoint the doctor medical officer for the district.

His operations appear to have been extensive, for it is alleged that he is wanted by the police for similar offences at Leeds, Nottingham, Hartlepool, Gateshead, Sunderland, Bolton, Halifax, Wakefield, Wallsend, Burnley, Blackburn, and York.

HEALTH AND MEMORY FAILED.

At the inquest yesterday on George Beeby, clerk to Messrs. Haddon, Dees & Co., of Peter-lane, who hanged himself, one of his employers said that the deceased had been for twenty-eight years a thoroughly conscientious worker, but his health and memory had failed.

A verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane was returned.

SUMMER SONGS.

Choruses That Are Being Sung To-day on Every Crowded Beach.

A MANAGER'S DILEMMA.

"The present seaside season is a record one for us. There are more popular songs and a greater demand for them than there has ever been before."

The speaker was Mr. Lester Barrett, of Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter, the well-known musical publishers.

"Bluebell," "Anona," "Navaho," and "Down at the Old Bull and Bush" are still popular, but they are eclipsed by "Teasing," "Rainbow," and "Archie" from the "Catch of the Season." These three songs are being sung at every seaside town round the coast and at every inland watering-place.

"Nigger minstrels are not nearly so numerous as they used to be," said Mr. Barrett, "but in their place troupes of 'pierrrots,' 'cadets,' 'merry mascots,' and 'serenaders' have sprung up to such an extent that seaside entertainers are more numerous than ever. Wherever there is a drop of water and a grain of sand you will find a troupe of entertainers."

The Isle of Man has a song of its own. Night and morning, afternoon and evening, Douglas and Ramsey sing the refrain: "Beautiful Mona, Queen of the Irish Isles."

Brighton and Blackpool, Scarborough and Ramsgate are nightly rocked to sleep by the words:—

Rainbow! Rainbow!
All the time that you are near me,
Life is never dark or dreary,
Storm-clouds go.
Rainbow! Rainbow!
I would have you leave me never.
Say that you will be for ever
My Rainbow.

What Are the Rainbow's Colours.

Torquay and Yarmouth, Llandudno, and New Brighton are kept awake at night by revellers who chant:

Teasing, teasing, I was only teasing you,
Teasing, teasing, just to see what you would do.
Teasing, teasing, to find out if your love was true.
Don't be angry, I was only teasing you.

The march-song of the summer is, "I Want To Be a Soldier," and the humorous songs which are chiefly being sung by seaside comedians are "Father's Box of Tools," "Girls, Girls, Girls," and "The Ladies I Met."

An amusing story is told of "Rainbow," which is, perhaps, the big "hit" of the year. It was to be introduced into "The Catch of the Season," and everything was ready except the dresses to be worn by the eight dancers who were to appear while it was sung.

A call was hurriedly paid to the costumier, who undertook to supply the dresses in time—if she were told what the colours were.

Nobody could remember, and it was not until the theatrical manager had vainly sought for a picture of a rainbow for an hour that the costumier suddenly thought of her glass paper-weight which acted as a prism and give them the desired colours.

AUCTION-ROOM SIDELIGHT.

"Runner-Up" in Trouble Through the Disappearance of a Watch and Chain.

Curious statements were made at Bow-street yesterday, when Henry Gambier, of Camberwell, and Frederick Pullen, of Judd-street, were remanded on a charge of stealing a satchel from Mary Norton, in a Strand auction-room, where the lady had purchased a watch and chain.

Detective Webb stated that when the watch and chain had been fastened round the lady's neck Gambier said: "You have not got the watch low enough." At the same time Gambier, placing his right hand under a tray he was carrying, detached the satchel from the lady's belt and handed it to Pullen, who, after keeping it under his coat, placed it on a bench, where Gambier covered it with a tray.

Mr. Edwin Fletcher, of the firm of auctioneers, said Pullen was not employed by them, but Gambier had worked for them on and off for fifteen years. He had known both as respectable men.

The magistrate pointed out Pullen was known as a "runner-up."

Mr. Fletcher: Well, he is a commission agent, and it is usual for all auctioneers to give commission agents 15s. or £1 to share amongst themselves.

Magistrate: To run up prices?—Yes.

LEAPED TO DEATH.

Ascending on a hoist at the Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, met only to carry materials, Henry Jenkins found himself in danger of being caught against a scaffold.

Leaping off wildly, he missed his foothold, and hurtled to the bottom of the shaft. So the accident was explained yesterday at the inquest, when a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

NEW TOBACCO WAR.

Messrs. Ogdens Fighting 3,000 Retailers on a £2,000,000 Claim.

A sum of £2,000,000 is involved in the test action which was brought before Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence by 3,000 tobacconists against Messrs. Ogdens, Limited.

The action arose out of the recent tobacco war, during which, as a counter-move to the Imperial Tobacco Company, Messrs. Ogdens offered retailers selling their goods a bonus of £200,000 a year for four years as well as a share in the profits.

Before the second quarterly bonus was distributed, however, Messrs. Ogdens sold their business to the Imperial Tobacco Company and went into voluntary liquidation.

The point at issue was whether a certain payment was accepted by the tobacconists in complete satisfaction and discharge of all claims against Messrs. Ogdens for bonus and share of profits.

In payment of the second instalment of Ogdens's bonus the liquidator sent a cheque, upon the back of which was a receipt which stated that this was in settlement of "the second and final share."

It was now argued on behalf of Messrs. Ogdens that in signing this receipt 3,000 tobacconists concerned had waived all claim to any further payment of bonus, and that, with respect to their demand for a share of profits, there was none to distribute, as the "wild-cat scheme of competition" entered into by the company had resulted in enormous losses.

The hearing was adjourned.

CHANNEL SWIM TO-DAY.

Burgess Will Start from Lydden in the Early Morning.

Burgess, the big Yorkshire swimmer, will make another attempt to swim across the Channel to-day. His leg has now quite recovered from the strain of the last swim, and he has decided to start from Lydden, close to Dover, at 4 a.m. this morning.

Burgess has arrived at Dover 3,000 feet from Paris, and has been out practising during the day.

Watched by an admiring crowd, Miss Annette Kellerman, the Australian girl, who will attempt to swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, dived and played in the water for an hour yesterday at Dover.

She was several sensational dives, finishing by the remarkable back dive.

Then her father appeared and beckoned Miss Annette to come ashore. "You are not," he said sternly, "to go into the water for three days."

"NO WORK" TRAGEDY.

Man Accused of Murdering His Children Closely Guarded in Court.

Because of injuries self-inflicted prior to his arrest, Henry Walter Poppel, accused of murdering his two children at Walworth, was closely guarded at Lambeth, where he was charged yesterday.

He sobbed bitterly when the police described how they found him in his scullery with razor in hand after the tragedy.

There was a still painful scene when Ada, the third child attacked, was reported to be making good progress at the hospital.

But Poppel had nothing to say. The police said he was quite rational and sober when arrested. He was remanded.

FEROCIOUS BOY LOVER.

Lad of Sixteen Sent for Trial for Threatening to Kill His Girl Sweetheart.

On a charge of "feloniously causing to be received by Annie Miles, a girl of fourteen, of Adolphus-street, Deptford, a letter threatening to kill and murder her," William Marritt, who is only sixteen years of age, was committed for trial at the Greenwich Police Court yesterday.

When arrested Marritt said: "I did write the letter. She turned nasty to me and threw me up, or I should not have written it. I wrote it on Friday night whilst my father and mother were out. Let me go and I will never do it any more."

Bail was allowed.

£5 Notes Given Away.

Wherever you go at
LLANDUDNO to-day
carry this week's . .

"ANSWERS."

It may mean £5 to you.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

More Opinions on a Topic of
Universal Interest.

SELFISH MEN BLAMED.

To-day's postbag shows no abatement in the interest taken by our readers in this question. We print a selection from among the numerous letters received.

"MINISTERING ANGELS."

Nowadays men seem to think that because they take a wife at all she ought to feel the honour so great that she should willingly and quietly submit to sacrifice the whole of herself to her lord and master for the rest of her days.

Her whole time must be his; all her thoughts must be for him; she must even be able to read his desires before they are expressed, lest he should tell her that she is selfish and does not study his comfort.

She must bear all the "disagreeables" naturally following on married life silently and patiently, keeping everything except what is most agreeable carefully excluded from her husband; making believe that for her the sun is always shining, when perhaps behind her smile her heart is breaking for sympathy in some trial, or she longs for someone to help her bear the burden of everyday life and its many trials. Why is a woman expected always to sacrifice herself to others, and never to complain?

When a man possesses such a wife he calls her a "ministering angel," and truly she richly merits the title.

A WIFE.

Old Charlton, Kent.

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

As an old man, and one who has seen a great deal of the world, I should say the present-day wife is a great hindrance, but that the wife of thirty-five years ago, or longer, as so truly described by your correspondent "Thirty-five Years Married," was, and, if still living, is a great help. How anyone can compare the two is to me, an old man, amazing.

In the old days girls were reared by their mothers to become good housewives. They were taught domestic work, love of home life, respect for their parents. They were truthful, pious, modest, sensible, and fitted in every respect to fill that station in life to which God would be pleased to call them.

Generally the present-day wife may be described as living a butterfly existence, and in every way unsuited to become a wife, in the proper sense of the word. She is frivolous, unwomanly, considers domestic work derogatory to her, and has no knowledge of it, loves to ape the man, considers children a nuisance, dotes on finery, amusements, and sport.

Are these the women to rear children, to make Britain great and glorious, beloved at home, and a pattern to the whole world? H. PARRATT.
12, Hamilton-road, New Brighton.

THE FAULT OF SELFISH MEN.

We surely need ask why there are so many poor, wretched, and miserable pinched-up faces of wives in our midst, and at the foundation of it all will be found man's unbounded selfishness.

Instead of married bliss prevails married misery. Early marriage too often is the result of this hindrance between man and wife.

A selfish man marries because he has learnt to bury his selfishness. He thinks only of his own pleasure and enjoyment. His wife needs no change. His home is but a convenience and the wife but a home drudge and machine.

The selfish man forgets that he has signed on to share all his joys with his partner as well as his sorrows. When men begin to realise this the problem is solved, and home life becomes far brighter and lovelier.

T. MAYCOCK.

Sutherland-street, S.W.

"NON-PAYING GUESTS."

My wife is a hindrance to me. I have been married five years, and during the whole of the time she has made the house an open one to all her relations and friends.

She dislikes having any of my people to stay, but her own kith and kin to the remotest degree are welcome.

Most heartily do I wish myself single again. I might as well keep an hotel for the way in which I am treated by my non-paying guests.

A BELIEVER IN SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.
Cardiff.

"MY MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION."

"Five years Married" is not the only one who has found a wife a hindrance to travel; I myself, and undoubtedly countless others, would have travelled a far greater distance than "Five Years Married" wishes to, viz., to the Devil, had it not been for that most valuable possession a man can attain in this life: the ennobling influence of a good and loving wife.

Hither Green. SIXTEEN YEARS MARRIED.

SAND-CASTLE CONTESTS.

How Guineas May Be Earned by
Little Builders at the Seaside.

Busy little hands are building castles and forts on the sands of all our holiday resorts. Wonderful structures they are, too, decked with shells and seaweed, and surrounded by impregnable walls. What infinite amusement they afford to the tiny workers, and how proud they are when passers-by stop a moment to admire!

As announced yesterday, the *Daily Mirror* hopes to interest and instruct these thousands of castle builders by organising sand-castle competitions on the seashores of many of our popular seaside towns.

Prizes ranging from £2 2s., £1 1s., and half a guinea will be offered for the best castle built of sand.

The competitions will be held at various seaside resorts on special days. The first takes place at Ramsgate on Friday. By the courtesy of the authorities a wide stretch of the sands will be roped off for the contest.

Mr. Dowling, the Mayor of Ramsgate, with his daughter, who is the mayoress, has consented to help in the judging of the competition.

OUR SAND CASTLE COMPETITION.



On Friday next the first of the "Daily Mirror" sand castle competitions for children will take place at Ramsgate. Full particulars of the contest will be found on this page. A photograph of a fine specimen of sand architecture is reproduced as a guide to competitors. This castle was built entirely of sand. It had a rock foundation, but, of course, it is just as easy to build upon sand.

(From "Castles in Sand and How to Build Them," by W. Poynter Adams.)

Anyone under the age of twenty-one years, boy or girl, resident or visitor, may enter.

The only condition is that each competitor must carry a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

Any kind of castle may be built. For the assistance of competitors we shall print a number of designs, which will show what can be done. A picture of a sand-castle will be found on this page. You may work by yourself or in a party, but each party must not exceed six persons. The party must have a leader, who, in the event of the success of the party, will receive the prize. Any kind of tools may be used.

Don't forget that Friday is the day of the competition. Meanwhile you may be practising building castles. See the *Daily Mirror* every day so that you do not miss any of the designs we shall publish.

Mr. W. Poynter Adams, author of "Castles in Sand, and How to Build Them" (Messrs. Gay and Bird), is taking great interest in the *Daily Mirror* competitions.

Mr. Adams is trying to elevate castle building from an amusement to a science. He thinks that after a few simple rules have been mastered, much better results may be obtained than those shown in the photographs with which his admirable little book is illustrated.

People are urged by Mr. Adams to have photographs taken of their sand castles. They are, but things of the moment, and are soon destroyed. The photographs will form a very interesting record. Moreover, they will be available for the competition for which Mr. Adams offers prizes in his book.

Our second contest will take place on the beach at Margate on Saturday.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Motoring is mentioned by the medical superintendent of the Montrose Asylum as the latest addition to the list of predisposing causes of insanity. He reports two victims of the new "motor mania" at his institution.

Whilst driving at Boothstown yesterday Ernest Ward, twenty-nine, a Leigh (Lancashire) carter, struck his head against a tree which projected over the road, and was instantly killed.

Sporting rifles of a special kind are being expressly made for the personal use of the Prince of Wales and his immediate suite when touring the garmelands of India during the winter.

Of British warships recently condemned, says Mr. Pretyman in yesterday's Parliamentary Papers, fifty-eight have been disposed of up to the present time, and the total amount realised by their sale was £250,812.

Two splendid specimens of the Tweed salmon have been landed at Berwick. One of the fish scales 34lb. and the other 47lb. The latter is the biggest salmon taken from the Tweed since 1903, when a 48lb. fish was landed.

There are still 280 men stonebreacking at the Sheffield Corporation relief works, and there are 19,649 tons of broken stone in stock. It is estimated that the breaking of these stones has resulted in a loss of £23,670 to the Highways Committee.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Eight Half-Guineas for Bridlington
and Ramsgate.

MORE PRIZE WINNERS.

To-day hundreds of holiday-makers at Bridlington and Ramsgate will ask one another the question, "Can you see yourself?" and hundreds will carefully examine the two groups on page 11 of the *Daily Mirror* to ascertain whether or not they have been lucky enough to be snapped off by our photographer.

In the Bridlington group and also in that taken at Ramsgate we have marked four persons.

Are you one of them? If so, you may win half a guinea.

This is what you must do. Look carefully at the pictures, and if you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in either photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C. If you are one of the four persons we have selected half a guinea will be forwarded to you.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final.

To-morrow eight half-guineas go to

CLEETHORPES AND DEAL.

We shall publish photographs of holiday crowds at these resorts, and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group at Cleethorpes and four at Deal.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at most of the big seaside resorts, including—

Aberystwyth.	Fleetwood.	Skegness.
Bournemouth.	Folkestone.	Southport.
Brighton.	Hastings and St.	Southsea.
Clacton.	Leonards.	Southwold.
Cromer.	Hunstanton.	St. Anne's.
Dover.	Ilfracombe.	Weston.
Eastbourne.	Lowestoft.	Weymouth.
Felixstowe.	Morcambe.	Super-Mare.
Filey.	Rhyl.	Worthing.

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competitions at Blackpool and Yarmouth are as follows:—

BLACKPOOL.

Miss Mary Bamforth, c.o. Mrs. Stuart, 31, Springfield-road, North Shore, Blackpool.

William Smith, 24, St. Albans-road, Blackpool.

Harry Power, 56, Chapel-street, Chorley.

Samuel T. Heath, 87, Albert-road, Blackpool.

YARMOUTH.

Miss Lily Giffin, 70, Algeron-road, Lewisham.

Miss Winnifred Cable, 24, Paget-road, Great Yarmouth.

W. G. Biggs, 13, Glencoe-terrace, Mill-road, Great Yarmouth.

Robert Jeffries, 27, Thanet-road, Erith, Kent.

THE TWO PORTSMOUTHS.

One Has a Sentimental and the Other a
Business Interest to the Stock Exchange.

CAPLE COURT, Tuesday Evening.—When the Stock Markets reassembled after the holidays they had made their minds up to two or three things. They looked for an outburst of activity in the Grand Trunk market, evidences of sustained improvement in American Rails, and the continuance of speculative strength in the copper share group. But naturally there was not very much business, and a good many members were away.

The two Portsmouths take up a certain amount of attention. Our own Portsmouth has just a satisfactory sentimental influence, and the other is watched with naturally much more eager self-interest from the market point of view. Nevertheless there seemed to be a fairly sanguine view taken as to the peace prospects.

Kaffirs are none the better for the three days' rest. Despite the talk of big July gold output figures, now almost due, the market had a heavy, listless appearance, and where prices moved they were mostly downwards. The diamond shares were dull.

There were one or two good points among the Miscellaneous group of shares. They bought Hudson's Bays and Gas Light stock, and several smaller fry, such as Schweppes, and even the discredited Imperial Cold Storage shares. And they sold Coats and the Textiles on the cotton uncertainties.

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PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1905.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

O East is East and West is West
And never the two shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently
At God's great Judgment-seat.
But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor breed, nor birth;
When two strong men stand face
to face
Though they come from the ends
of the earth.

WITH very little alteration, these fine lines of Rudyard Kipling are aptly applicable to the present happy relations between France and Britain.

We and our neighbours across the Channel do not exactly "come from the ends of the earth," but yet there have been times when the whole breadth of the world seemed to divide us—times upon which we look back now with the feelings of a voyager safe in port, who thinks with thankfulness of the storms he has weathered and come safely through.

Perhaps you think it quite possible that before long causes of difference will arise again, and that we shall be showing our teeth at one another once more. It may be so, of course, but it is not at all likely. And for this reason.

Our new-born friendship with France is not merely a diplomatic friendship. It is personal. The nations are getting to know each other better than they have ever done before. They really like one another.

Suppose you have a grievance against the man who lives next door. If you are not personally acquainted, you don't in the least mind sending him a lawyer's letter. You rather enjoy it, in fact. You determine to stand upon the strict letter of your rights.

But if you have dined with him, and he with you, and you have been generally on terms of friendship, why then you take a very different tone. You mention the matter to him in a genial way. Anything in the nature of a threat, you feel, would be a breach of good manners. He meets you in the same spirit of conciliation, and the affair is soon settled.

That is how France and England will settle any grievances they may have against one another in future. No more lawyers' letters. No more threats. No more "Conspuez l'Albion" or "Down with France." Henceforward we are friends, and we shall behave as such.

Why cannot all nations be on the same pleasant terms? It is simply because the opportunities of getting to know one another are so few. Matters have to be left in the hands of rulers or diplomatists, with all sorts of axes of their own to grind, and it very often suits them to stir up bad feeling instead of promoting friendship and trust.

Just now, for example, the German newspapers, evidently acting under orders from the Kaiser, are doing all they can to persuade their readers that the Entente Cordiale is a deep-laid plot against Germany. Yet so little are the Germans and the French inclined to hate one another that the famous satirical German paper, "Simplicissimus," has issued a special number pleading for "Peace with France," and a well-known Paris comic paper, "Le Rire," is publishing a translation of it for French readers.

That is a most healthy and hopeful sign. Nations must take their foreign affairs into their own hands. There is no reason why they should any longer allow their destinies to be played with by ambitious rulers or muddle-headed politicians. Wars never do any good to the individuals who make up nations. They should never be entered upon except as a last resort.

Fortunate for England is it that she has a King so truly zealous for his country's welfare as Edward the Peacemaker. Happy, too, is France in possessing statesmen so ready to respond to overtures of friendship. May the present cordial Anglo-French relations long continue to bear witness to their wisdom and their zeal.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Bien perdu, bien connu. (We know the worth of a thing when we have lost it.)—*French Proverb.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY Lord Northampton is to give his garden-party in connection with the Liberal Social Council, and Mr. Augustine Birrell is to be the chief speaker. Lord Northampton owns extensive property in London—in the Clerkenwell district, and he controls it according to the best Liberal principles, with an eye for the welfare of his tenants, whom he regards as human beings, not automata. His idea of substituting female rent-collectors for the ordinary heartless man in certain of the districts that belong to him is said to have brought him a great deal of popularity.

Although Lord Northampton is now a wealthy landlord, his family (the Comptons) were once very poor. An earlier Lord Northampton, whose love-story is one of the most delightful in the annals of the peerage, fell in love with the daughter of Sir John Spencer, who was Lord Mayor of London in his day. Sir John despised the poor suitor and forbade his daughter to hold any communication with him. The prohibition had the usual effect—it made the lovers swear eternal devotion to one another.

Young Lord Northampton then arranged an exceedingly original elopement. He dressed him-

presumably exhausted by his efforts, and was drowned. Mr. Fraser got help from some fishermen soon afterwards, but it came too late. The Saltoun family, by the way, seem curiously unfortunate in the matter of accidents. Not long ago Lady Saltoun, who is a descendant of the famous orator, Grattan, narrowly escaped being burned to death. One of the combs in her hair caught fire. Lady Ailsa, who was in the room with her, only just managed to extinguish the flames in her hair by throwing a cushion over them.

Everybody is sorry to hear that Sir Frederick Milner is still in very bad health. When he is well Sir Frederick is an excellent political fighter, full of energy and spirit. Some of this he learned, I fancy, from Lord Randolph Churchill, whose great friend he was as a young man. Soon after leaving college, Sir Frederick went with Lord Randolph for a tour in Italy, and fell seriously ill in Naples with typhoid fever. He was nursed through the illness by Lord Randolph.

Sir Frederick has been one of the victims of that sinister state of things vaguely alluded to by politicians as agricultural depression. When he

cannot afford to have his property laid waste by the caprice of destructive trippers. He has been many times High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, and is a great favourite in Edinburgh society, which Lady Leven receives at the official residence, Holyrood Palace.

Lord Leven gave a very amusing account to the House of Lords two years ago as to why he had to leave the Palace after some years of residence in it. He became convinced that the drains were bad, and wittily remarked that, even for the £2,000 a year which he receives as High Commissioner, he could not consent to undergo typhoid fever. It was represented to him that the drains, although not safe enough for the King (who had contemplated a visit to the place) ought surely to suffice for him. But he naturally refused to see the matter from this medieval point of view.

Sir James Blyth has received a great number of congratulations on the honours which the King of Portugal has granted to him in recognition of his services to agriculture in that country. Sir James's baronetcy, which Lord Rosebery bestowed upon him, was also the reward of his agricultural knowledge; and the King of the Belgians and the Khedive have honoured him with decorations and orders of their own. Sir James is a very wealthy man, a partner in the great wire firm of Gilbey's. He is an excellent host, and gives some of the best dinners in London.

At his fine Essex house, Blythwood, he has, I am told, established a remarkable mechanism which works when more people are staying with him than can find room in the large dining-room. A button is pressed, an ominous rumbling heard, and the whole of the dining-room wall sinks into the earth, revealing a second room beyond. Is not that a device worthy of a Roman emperor? Blythwood is indeed famous for its hospitality. The King and the late Duke of Cambridge have often visited the place.

Signora Matilde Seroa, the well-known Italian novelist, is once more at war with her husband, Signor Scarfoglio, the editor and proprietor of a Neapolitan paper called the "Mattino." A few years ago she was very indignant with him because she had, so she maintained, involved herself as an active contributor to his paper, in certain municipal scandals which the paper had defended. Now she has secured £3,000 damages from him as compensation for all that she contributed to it.

Signora Seroa is an unmistakable Neapolitan—voluble, warm-hearted, and generous. Her appearance to-day is more pleasing than usual, and Mr. Arthur Symonds, in a recently published volume, has described her as being almost square in figure. She has indomitable courage and perseverance, and began her work as a journalist when she was only twenty. Before that she was for a time in a telegraph office, and her first books were written "in the intervals of business."

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Brassey.

NOT long ago he was elected president of the new Society of the Friends of France, formed to perpetuate the cordiality between our neighbours and ourselves. Now he is to be at the head of the committee which, at the suggestion of the London Chamber of Commerce, is to take measures for the reorganisation of our service for home defence.

Evidently he believes that if you wish peace, you must prepare for war, evidently he is not one of those who look for the universal disarmament of armies and the beating of swords into ploughshares. For years he has insisted upon the paramount importance of the Navy. He is himself an enthusiastic seaman and has visited every corner of the world in that noble yacht of his which has been more talked about, photographed, and described than any other in the world—the famous Sunbeam of Lady Brassey's boat.

He sailed in the Sunbeam to Victoria when he became Governor of that colony in 1885. He is the only Colonial Governor, moreover, who ever preached a sermon during his term of office, and the only one who ever was reported by a policeman for breaking the laws he was sent out to apply. This happened while he was cycling on a footpath near Melbourne. It was promptly pointed out to him that he had exposed himself to a fine by doing so.

It is the best man possible to preside over a committee, for he has been everywhere, seen everything, and is practically omniscient.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 8.—Though the garden, under clouded skies, is full of beautiful flowers, the freshness of young summer has departed. Autumn is approaching—shorter days, colder evenings, the duller green of the trees, proclaim it.

Yet to the casual garden visitor all must appear lovely. Giant hollyhocks, covered with flowers, rise everywhere, while ox-eye daisies are still brilliant masses of colour. Great bunches of sunflowers, coreopsis, monkshood, ox-eye daisies, can be picked, and the garden is a veritable sea of flowers.

NAPOLEON AND NELSON ON THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.



From Elysium the two great combatants of 1805 look down upon the Portsmouth rejoicings, which compel notice even in the clouds. A vast change indeed from 1805, the year of Trafalgar!

self up as a baker's 'prentice—with white apron and cap—and invaded Sir John's house with a large basket supposed to contain loaves. In the basket his fair lady concealed herself, and he carried her off on his head without anybody suspecting what he had done. Sir John, like most fathers under similar circumstances, was obdurate for a time, but when his daughter's first child was born and he was invited to the christening, he gave in and became the most affectionate of parents once more.

Lord Saltoun, who celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday yesterday, is a chief of one branch of the ancient clan of the Frasers. His eldest son, Mr. Alexander Fraser, bears, like the sons of several other Scotch peers, the old title of Master—he is Master of Saltoun. About eight years ago Mr. Fraser had an adventure which nearly led to his death. He was bathing in a river near Fraserburgh with a little boy, the son of Colonel Dick Cunningham, V.C. They got out of depth, and the boy, who was a good swimmer, succeeded in pulling his companion almost to the bank. Mr. Fraser then struggled on and managed to get a footing.

But when he turned round to look for his companion the other had disappeared. He had sunk,

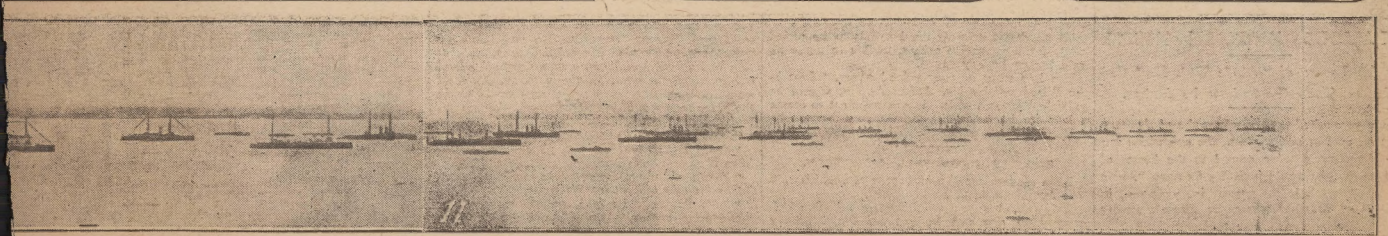
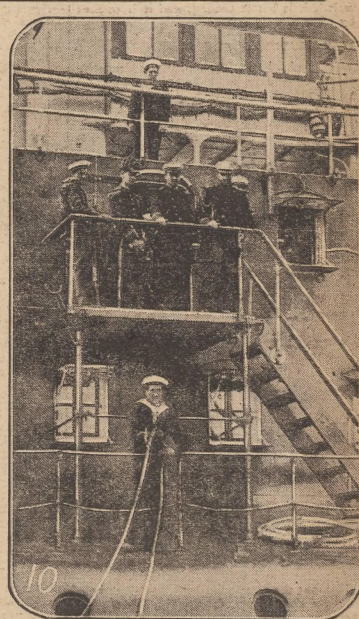
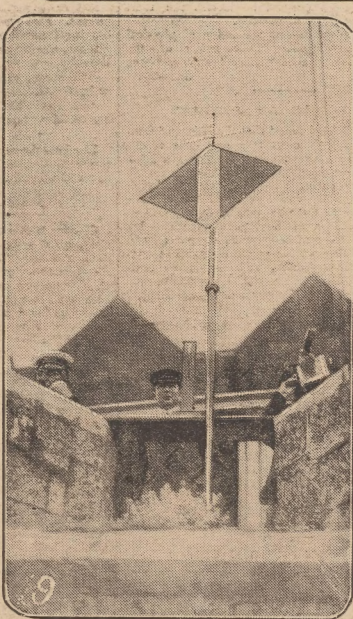
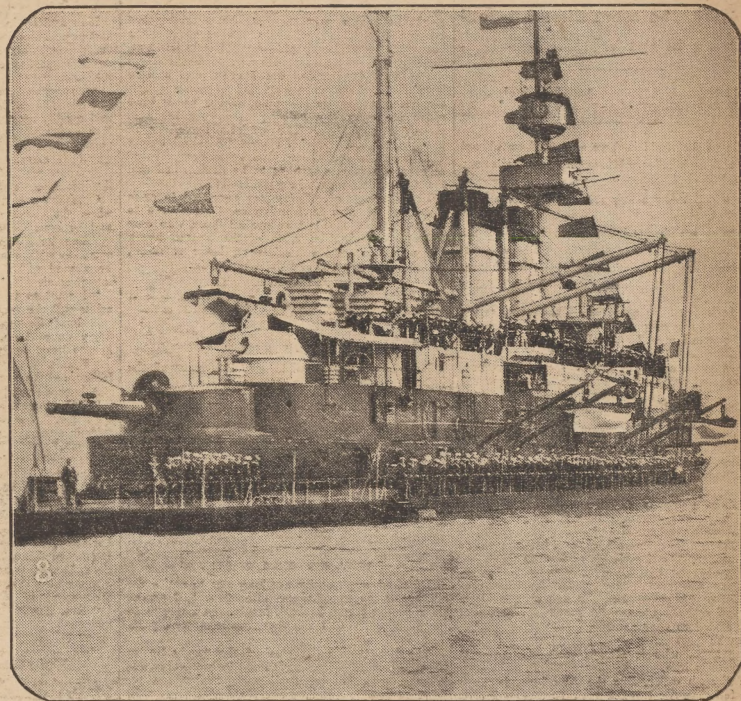
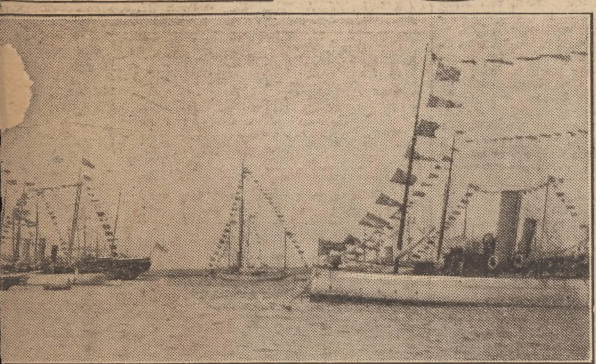
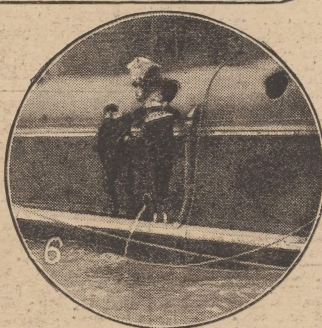
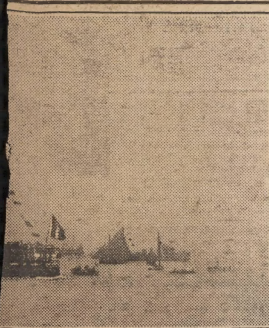
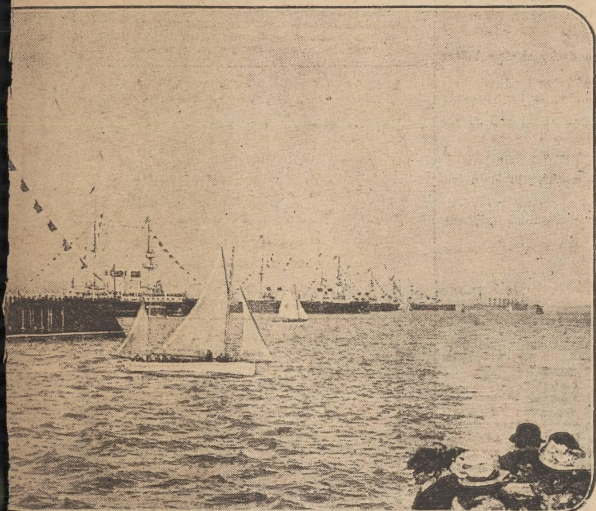
succeeded his brother to some property in Yorkshire in 1880 he found the estate desperately encumbered—the mortgages amounting to £275,000. This beautiful place, called Nun Appleton, he had to give up altogether. Nun Appleton was once the seat of General Lord Fairfax, and Andrew Marvell, most fascinating of garden poets, dreamed and meditated for years under the ancient trees which you may still see in its park.

August this year has been remarkable for the number of interesting weddings which have taken place in it. There are several to be celebrated this week, and to-day Captain Dixon, the youngest son of Sir Daniel Dixon, is to be married to the Hon. Emily Bingham, second daughter of Lord Clamorris. The bridegroom's father is one of the best-known business men in Ireland. He was recently Mayor of Belfast, and conducted the arrangements for King Edward's visit to the city.

An instance of the way in which a certain class of the public deal with the private property to which they are admitted is afforded in the fires in Talbot Woods, near Bournemouth, which their owner, the Earl of Leven and Melville, threatens to close, if such outrages continue. Lord Leven, although one of the wealthiest peers in Scotland,

FRENCH FLEET

PHOTOGRAPHS



upon its waters. We are able to give an excellent series of specially-taken photographs for the benefit of our readers, which will enable them to gain a good idea of the scene, though it is impossible to give a complete picture of the lines of grey and black leviathans of war, and add so much to the picturesque effect of the whole. Of the photographs, No. 1 shows a bundle of newspapers being delivered to a French gunboat to pay his official visit of greeting to Vice-Admiral Caillaud; No. 3, French cruiser Conde, in gala dress; No. 4, view along the French battleship line (the nearest vessel is the Marquis of Cowes, dressed in honour of the arrival of the French visitors); No. 8, French battleship Henry IV., dressed, and flying the French and British flags at her mastheads; No. 9, the Marquis of Cowes; No. 10, French and British officers on the Masséna; No. 11, panoramic view of the British and French Fleets moored in the Solent.

THE FRENCH "JACK TAR."

Why He Is the Most Cheerful Soul
in the World.

HIS LIFE AFLOAT.

Not in all the world is there a more cheerful soul than the French sailor. His optimism brims over; his breeziness would shame a windy quay; his cheerfulness would make a shipwreck seem like a holiday.

Sailors are always jolly personified; but the French sailor adds to the seaman's traditional light-heartedness the inborn meriment that is inherent in the character of his countrymen. He is a sailor plus a Frenchman.

The Jack Tar from across the Channel gives the lie to the old saying that one volunteer is worth three "pressed men." Usually he is a "pressed man" in spite of his cheerfulness.

He comes, as a rule, from Brittany or Provence, the homes of some of the finest seamen in the world. Up to the age of early manhood he toils in a fishing-smack or adds to the family income with a fishing-net and a rowing-boat.

Then the navy calls him, and he joins a man-of-war. He does not rail at the idea of compulsory service, for he has been brought up to the idea of serving his country—and being proud to do so.

He dons a blouse and loose trousers of blue serge, a striped "flannel," and a round cap adorned with a red tassel and a chin-band fastened across the top, and starts adding to his knowledge of seamanship the knowledge of how to fight.

Nominally, he has been "pressed" for something like five years' service, but he learns his business so quickly that at the end of about two years and a half he is usually pronounced efficient and is added to the reserve.

Then he goes back to his fishing-nets a trained fighting man, who is always ready in case his country calls him.

The French sailor, like the American, is much better fed than the English Jack Tar. The food is more varied, it is better cooked, and it is washed down by wine of very fair quality.

WHY MUTINIES ARE UNKNOWN.

The captain of a battleship looks upon the members of his crew as a fond father regards his children. His chief concern is their welfare. Hence mutinies are unknown in the French navy. Discipline is maintained, of course, but it is not nearly so severe as in the German navy, for instance. Punishments are light as well as infrequent.

Inspections and reviews are reduced to a minimum, and lectures take their place to a large extent. When gun-drills and bayonet exercises are over for the day the officers hold classes and teach the men such sciences as astronomy, and explain the mechanism of the ship's engines and the physical features of the countries near which the man-of-war is steaming. Choirs are organised, too, and concerts are held in which both officers and men take part.

So it is that the French sailor would not only die for his country. He would die for his officers, as well.

Not long ago it was my good fortune to visit one of the powerful battleships which make up the French fleet. The entente cordiale was not then an accomplished fact, and was with considerable hesitation that I introduced the word "Trafalgar."

"Ah," said a petty officer. "You want to know what I think. Trafalgar was a long time ago, and things have changed a great deal. We Frenchmen are as proud of Trafalgar as you English, for we remember how our sailors fought and how nobly they died. I think we had need to consider the thing to be proud of is losing gamely."

Yes, if the Frenchman lost at Trafalgar he fought well, and he knew how to die without making a fuss about it.

And he would do as well to-day. He possesses one of the strongest two navies in the world and some of the finest and most daring leaders of the fleet. But it is not the time to talk of Trafalgar or of war. It is a time of peace. Besides, Trafalgar is nothing to-day. It is Portsmouth that counts.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH HYMN.

How All Lovers of "Abide With Me" Can
Express Their Gratitude to Its Author.

If you were asked to choose from the whole array of hymns ancient and modern, the one which has made the most genuine appeal to the hearts of Englishmen, you would probably fix upon "Abide with Me," which is sung, year in, year out, in hundreds of churches where the English service is performed. The hymn is a favourite with every class of men, and is known to be one of those especially admired by Queen Alexandra.

The story of how "Abide with Me" was written is worth recalling. The author, Henry Francis Lyte, was for twenty-five years vicar of the church of Lower Brixham, Devon. The time came when

illness and old age made it necessary for him to retire. He determined to seek better health in the South of France, and bade a last farewell to his flock of fishermen in the little seaside village.

But he felt that his life would be incomplete if he could not leave some lasting record of his passage over the world. He prayed that for once he might become a poet, and sat down on his last evening at Brixham, with his face set towards the bay where the fisher-boats were going in and out, to write the verses which are now so familiar.

The next day he left for France, and a little later died. It is now proposed to make a permanent memorial to this man, whose words have aided so many, by helping to restore his own church at Brixham, the workman of which is in need of £1,500. If this cannot be raised before Christmas the scaffolding, which has been erected at great expense, will have to be demolished and the restoration indefinitely postponed.

The Duchess of Albany has promised to open a sale of pictures in London on December 6 to help the fund, and meanwhile all those who care to express their admiration of the famous hymn are urged to send subscriptions, however small, to the Vicarage, Lower Brixham, Devon.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"CRUEL" SPORT.

I am only too pleased to give Mr. Hartwell the information he requires.

I have witnessed many a pigeon-shoot at Bournemouth-on-Sea. They were generally held on a waste piece of ground situated in Beach-avenue. So cruel was the sport that a well-known resident of that village protested successfully against them. It was at one of these shoots that a man shattered three pigeons out of five with a big 8-bore gun.

I have given the editor privately the name of the gentleman who protested, and also of the one who shot the birds. J. H. C. WOODRUFFE.
Longfield Hill, Kent.

WHY DO MEN SHAVE?

I had an opportunity not long ago to notice the change made in criminals after they had passed through the prison barber's hands. In a very large proportion of cases the transformation was painful.

The beard generally masked the "ugly lip or receding chin." One poor devil in particular was a man who had received a long sentence for bigamy and frauds committed on foolish women. After he had been clipped he looked the most insignificant and puny of mortals.

Beards are by no means indicative of physical or intellectual strength. Take notice of the features and physique of "hairy" men and you will find it so. SAMSON.

SIDE SADDLE OR ASTRIDE?

Having tried both I found that the hold firmness in the saddle is more sure and safer in the side saddle for a lady who may be riding a horse likely to buck or stumble than astride.

The body, correctly, is in the centre of a lady's saddle, and not on one side, and the balance of stirrup makes the weight equal, and as bicycle riding, in a medical point of view, has been objected to, and motor-cars do great harm to ladies, so riding astride might do harm to anyone not in robust health, and should be commenced in childhood. NELLIE REID.
(Countess de Mauvoisin).

BOARD-SCHOOLS AND BAD ENGLISH.

I think the question should be put: How is it that, in the hundreds of years the clergy had at all their own way, this bad pronunciation was not stamped out by the clerical schools? Then the Board-schools of our time would have no bother with it.

The fact is, however, there were hardly any schools for the lower classes under the clerical sway. Now that the light has come to shine in the dark, and the shortcomings of former ages are being made good by laymen, it comes very near to impudence when a canon or any other clergyman makes an onslaught on Board-schools. DOUBLE DUTCH.

"THE NOTE AND THE BEAM."

From London (which I left this week) down to that point of Scotland your leader recently, "Note and Beam," has met with the sincerest admiration. As you say, we need, indeed, to look at home before criticising other nations, for the abominable cruelty to horses by all classes is pitiful.

Of all dumb animals the horse is to be pitied most, for it is, unlike others, unable to make its pain known by any sound.

The late story in your valued paper, "Lost in the Winning," by Mr. Arthur Applin, should be published far and wide. It was sufficient to create a love for horses in the most callous heart. HAWICK, N.B. M. P.

RAILWAY BOOKSTALL MONOPOLY.

I am glad to see the monopoly of Smith's railway bookstalls is to be abolished.

It is absurd to pay a shilling for a book which everywhere else can be got for 9d., 6d. for a 4d. book, and so on.

Smith's, too, have the impertinence to exercise a kind of censorship over the books they will consent to sell.

It is time a healthy competition came into play. Liffey View, Dublin. G. M.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHAPTER XXXVI (Continued).

Now and again Eve made some remark or asked some question; but for the greater part she seemed content to listen and rest in Chester's strong arms. An expression of content gave repose to her beautiful face.

There was scarcely a sound as Vincent Devenish, white-haired and bent of shoulder, entered the room and quietly seated himself at the foot of the bed. Eve greeted him with a tender smile. The old man's lips quivered. Presently she fell asleep in Chester's arms.

Another night fled like a dusky shadow before the bright spirit of dawn.

Chester was pacing the turf below Eve's windows when the nurse stepped out on to the verandah and beckoned him.

When he gathered Eve closely to him in his arms she whispered that she wished the windows to be opened wide. The fresh-scented breath of the morning air filled the room.

"I want to be quite alone with you for a few minutes," she murmured gently.

A bent figure silently passed from the room. They were alone. Chester pressed his quivering lips to hers, again and again.

"Frank, I want you to take great care of my father, and be as a son to him."

A hoarse sound left the man's lips.

"It is a great help and consolation to have you with me," she whispered, after a long silence.

"Your arms are so strong, giving me comfort and strength."

She spoke whisperingly; yet her words were distinct and unfeigned.

"I want to live in your memory."

"Always," he murmured brokenly.

"But not selfishly, not as a barrier between you and the other woman who loves you; for I know her secret. You will not be lonely always, Frank. I want to think that in the fulness of God's good time, happiness and love will return into your life. I know that they will. One day you will tell her these words of mine."

"Eve, Eve!" he whispered hoarsely, "I cannot look into the future. Stay with me—stay with me!"

"Yes—what time is granted me. With you and my father. I want him now. Kiss me!"

The sunlight danced on the water; birds trilled blithely; a child's merry laugh rang out distantly.

But in the silent room these things were as naught. Flesh melted into nothingness. Soul was bidding farewell to sorrow. A soul was unfolding its wings to wing its unseen flight to God and Eternity, returning whence it came.

God sends, and God recalls. And He alone understands.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

The bent figure beside the bed never stirred. But presently Chester rose from his knees, and pulled down the blinds.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Chester was hard at work in the office. Two grey, quiet years of hard work, much thought, stress, many anxious hours, much communing, and much silent sorrow lay behind him. It was not a case of self-imposed penance. It was not with him, as with some men, who say to themselves, "I must do so-and-so for decency's sake. It would appear unseemly if I went about my work blithely, and created the impression that I had forgotten."

Not so with Chester. He had not allowed up in his mind a certain conventional period of mourning. He was merely obedient to his own heart; but time mellowed unconsciously, and mercifully, and also brings in its train a wide power of comprehension. In the first hours of great bereavement it is hard to accept and realise the inevitable; this power only comes with the slow passing of time.

Chester looked up as Tom Mayfield was ushered into the office. The old friendship of the past had been long since renewed, and was stronger and closer than of old.

Mayfield was his own master now, and prospering.

Of Queenie, Chester had seen but little. At the time of Eve's death he had received from her a very beautiful letter that had touched him supremely; but it was not till many weeks after that he met her. She had spoken of his loss as only a woman could. Since then he had seen her but seldom. His time was divided between his work and Vincent Devenish. He had taken up permanent quarters at Devenish House, and as Eve had asked, had become as a son to the bent old man. Sometimes, in the evening, Mayfield would call, and the two younger men would entertain the older man out of his silent mood. Where the business itself was concerned, the Blue Star Line was slowly but surely coming to the front again.

"Well, Tom," said Chester, pushing his papers from him.

"Frank, old chap, congratulate me."

Chester rose and wrung his hand.

"Miss Peyton," he said, with a quiet smile, "has had enough of platonic friendship. You are a very lucky fellow."

"I am," responded Mayfield, with an emphasis becoming the occasion.

Then, inconspicuously—

"To the deuce with platonic friendship! It has

(Continued on page 11.)

Woman's Beauty

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Name

Address



Name

Address

If you appear in either of these photographs mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected in each group you will receive half a guinea. The upper group was photographed at Ramsgate and the lower one at Bridlington. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

YOUR NERVES

Facts, Suggestions, and Advice for Those Who Are Run Down and Who Feel Unequal to the Demands of Their Daily Duties.

Are your nerves right? Have you plenty of energy, go, and vigour? Or are you suffering from lack of nerve force and vitality? Do you find that you shrink from responsibility, or that you are wanting in pluck in difficult or trying situations? If so, your work and even your recreation is putting a heavy strain on you and robbing life of its brightness and pleasure. But it will not stop here. The strain on your nerves will at last become intolerable, and nervous breakdown is simply a matter of time.

HOW THE NERVES BECOME DISORDERED

Every moment in the day the body is being worn away, and at the same time it is being constantly renewed, and it is even said that the tissues, bones, muscles, and organs are completely renewed once in every seven years. Physical exertion wears the muscles away, and worry, anxiety, strain, and the strain of business life wear away brain and nerve tissue. Obviously, both muscular and nerve tissue needs to be restored by rest and food as fast as it is worn away, and if you are thoroughly healthy and not overworked this goes on automatically. In many cases, however, the exertion, either of body or brain, is too intense or too prolonged, and the result is that the wearing away process goes on faster than that of replacement. Physical or mental breakdown consequently ensues. This is the simple explanation of the way in which the nervous or muscular system gets out of order, and it is our object here to explain the method by which the nervous system may be renewed and nervous collapse prevented.

HOW YOU FEEL

You feel wearied, worn out, depressed; languid, irritable, and every effort you have to make is a worry and a nuisance. Probably you cannot even sleep properly at night, and when you rise in the morning you feel just as tired as you did the night before, and you would give anything to feel fresh, energetic, and vigorous again. There is really only one way you can do this, and that is by rebuilding your worn-away nerve tissue.

Stimulants will not help you, but make you worse and nervous breakdown more certain, and general tonics will not help you because they will not renew the lost nerve tissue. Renew that and rebuild your nervous system, but failing this no real good will be done and no thorough cure effected.

THE REMEDY FOR YOU

Bishop's Tonules do all that is necessary, and supply nerve nourishment to the nervous system. That is why they cure and why those who have used them praise them so enthusiastically. Not only do they rebuild the nervous system, but they put new vigour into every organ and function of the body, and nourishment for the nerves is easily assimilated from the ordinary food taken.

Miss M. Hall writes:—"I send you this note to let you know how much I esteem Bishop's Tonules. I do not as a rule go in for advertised medicines, but knowing that your preparations are prescribed by physicians of the very highest calibre I tried Bishop's Tonules for neurasthenia of a very pronounced character."

COMMENCE THE TREATMENT TO-DAY

There is an old proverb that "Procrastination is the thief of time," but it is the thief of many other things besides time. Procrastination robs men and women of money, comfort, and health, and are few matters in regard to which delay is so dangerous as in questions of health. "To-morrow, will do," says thousands on a sick-bed every year, and many complaints which fasten themselves on sufferers for life might have been avoided by a few days' or weeks' treatment when they first showed themselves. If your nerves are out of order, do not wait till to-morrow. Get your supply of Bishop's Tonules now, and commence the treatment at once. Another day's delay means a day's more discomfort and a day longer for the nerve-wearing process to continue.

Send for a vial, which will be forwarded for Is. 1d. post free within the United Kingdom, or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Drug Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d., together with booklet on "Nervous Disorders." Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

been making my life a burden for the past two years, old chap."

"Date fixed?"

"Not yet; but I want to celebrate the event, old chap, just amongst ourselves. It would be quite incomplete without you, old friend. By jove!"

"All past and done with," said Chester quickly. The grass grew long over Dexter's untended grave.

"I thought," said Mayfield, after a pause, "just our four selves. A dinner and a quiet evening at my place. I won't take 'no' from you."

"When?" asked Chester.

"This evening."

"I shall be with you!"

It was a few minutes before seven when Chester reached his friend's commodious flat, very different to the little boxlike premises once occupied in Bloomsbury.

It was the time of roses, and the drawing-room into which Chester was ushered was warmed with their redness and scented with their perfume.

Mayfield was getting himself into dress-clothes, and invisible. A balcony overlooked grounds tastefully out-laid. Chester was on the balcony when the whisper of women's gowns reached him, and drew him back into the room.

Pollie Peyton looked very radiant and extremely

happy. Chester's eyes wandered from her to Queenie. The girl was changed into a woman. Time had added a subtle beauty to the former self-reliant prettiness. The old sunshininess lurked somewhere about the clear eyes, but mellowed and more subdued.

TO-MORROW.

'All That a Man Hath.'

By
CORALIE STANTON
and
HEATH HOSKEN.

Authors of "A Man in a Million," &c.

"Tom told me you were coming. I am so glad," she said, when Chester had warmly congratulated Pollie Peyton. "This is a very great occasion, isn't it?"

"The best news I have had for many a day," he replied in the quiet voice that of late had become part of him.

They neither betrayed embarrassment of any kind. They met as old friends, to all outward seeming. The woman's heart ached, rather than throbbed. The past two years had written their story on the man's face. Yet the anticipation of this coming together again had been worse than the actual happening.

They found themselves talking on impersonal subjects. Presently, when Mayfield joined them, they lost sight of themselves in the very obvious happiness of the newly-engaged couple. A spirit of quiet harmony pervaded the atmosphere. It was neither the time nor the place for the intrusion of past shadows, or at least of betraying their existence.

Pollie Peyton possessed a voice of no mean order. Mayfield played the host very admirably during dinner, but fell away badly afterwards in the drawing-room when Pollie seated herself at the piano, his pretence of tuning over the music being merely an excuse for closer proximity.

"They seem very deeply engrossed," said

(Continued on page 13.)

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Southport on Friday,
Folkestone on Saturday,

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An immense improvement is noticeable in the cooking abilities of the seaside lodging-house keeper of to-day, who is nearly always ready to listen to hints from her clients if they are offered in a kindly spirit. The following recipes have been compiled in order that diversity may be given to the list of dishes. All are simple and easily prepared.

FISH PIE.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of cold cooked fish, one and a quarter pounds of cold potatoes, one ounce of dripping, a little milk or fish stock, salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of milk.

Mash the potatoes smoothly. Melt the dripping in a saucepan, add the potatoes and milk, and salt and pepper to taste.

Remove all skin and bone from the fish, then divide it into small flakes, put it into a greased pie-dish, dust it with salt and pepper, and add to it the milk or stock, or, if there remains any fish sauce over, use it instead. Cover the dish with the mashed potatoes, hanging them raised in the middle, smooth them evenly over, then mark them all over with a fork, and brush lightly over with some beaten egg. Bake the pie in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

Any kind of fish may be used for this dish.

LEMON CAKE.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of ground rice, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, rinds of two lemons, four eggs, one gill of milk.

Mix together two extra teaspoonfuls each of flour and castor sugar. Well butter some small fancy cake-tins, then shake over the butter some of the mixed flour and sugar, shake out any that will not stick. Mix together the flour and baking powder, lemon-rind, and rice. Cream together the butter and sugar, next add the eggs, and beat them well in; lastly, add the flour, etc., as lightly as possible, and milk. Put the mixture into the prepared tins and bake them in a moderate oven about ten minutes. When baked put them on a sieve and leave till they are cold.

CHEESE FRITTERS.

INGREDIENTS:—Stale slices of cheese, a little salad-oil and vinegar. For the frying batter: Two ounces of flour, three tablespoonfuls of tepid water, half a tablespoonful of melted dripping, the white of one egg.

Cut the cheese into thin strips. Lay them on a dish, sprinkle them with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and leave them for half an hour, turning once or twice.

Meanwhile make the batter.

Put the flour into a basin with a pinch of salt. Make a well in the centre and stir slowly into it the melted dripping and water. Beat all well together. Whip the white of the egg very stiffly, then stir it lightly into the batter. Have ready a pan of frying fat, and when a bluish smoke rises from it dip the slices of cheese into the batter with a skewer; drop them into the fat and fry them a golden brown. Drain them well on kitchen paper, and serve them very hot.

MAB PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS:—One egg and two extra yolks, one pint of milk, two ounces of loaf sugar, two ounces of glacé cherries, three-quarters of an ounce of leaf gelatine, one ounce of preserved pineapple, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one lemon-rind.

Put the milk, sugar, and lemon-rind on the fire to boil, then take out the rind and let the milk cool slightly, and next strain into it the beaten yolks and white of the eggs. Cook this custard very carefully over the fire till it thickens, but it must not actually

boil. Dissolve the gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, then strain it into the custard. Add the cherries cut in halves and the pineapple cut in small dice, also the vanilla. Rinse a mould with cold water, pour in the mixture, and leave it till it is set. For the first quarter of an hour it should be stirred occasionally, otherwise the fruit will sink to the bottom—and it should be evenly distributed all through the mould.

When cold dip the mould into tepid water and slip the pudding on to a glass dish.

LEMON SQUASH.

INGREDIENTS:—One lemon, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, soda-water, small pieces of ice.

Half fill a tumbler with small pieces of ice, squeeze on to it the juice of a lemon, then fill up

the glass with soda-water. Stir it well, and serve it with a slice of lemon on top.

STEWED BREAST OF LAMB.

INGREDIENTS:—A breast of lamb, two ounces of dripping, a bunch of parsley and herbs, six young onions, six allspice, salt and pepper, water, three-quarters of an ounce of butter, one ounce of flour.

Stews of all kinds must cook as slowly as possible. It is a good plan to do them in the oven. Remove the bones from the meat and cut it into small, neat pieces. Melt the dripping in a frying-pan, put in the pieces of meat, and fry them a nice brown. Next put the meat into a saucepan with the herbs, spice, onions, and enough water to cover the meat. Put the lid on the pan and let the stew simmer very gently about two hours. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour smoothly,

then add one pint of the strained liquor from the stew. Stir this over the fire till it boils and thickens. Season it nicely with salt, pepper, and a little lemon-juice. Arrange the meat on a hot dish, pour the gravy over it, and garnish it with little heaps of boiled peas.

ICED TEA.

Tea for icing should be made somewhat stronger than when it is to be drunk hot. Let the boiling water stand on the tea for seven minutes, then pour the tea from the leaves, sweeten it to taste and stand it in the refrigerator, or on ice. Serve it in a jug with lumps of ice and slices of lemon floating in it. Have a jug of iced water near to weaken it for those who do not care to drink it strong. Each person should receive a lump of ice and a slice of lemon with his cup of iced tea.

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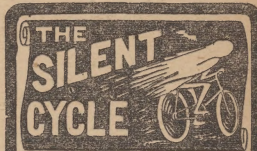
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ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

Chester, with a quiet smile. "I don't think our presence is essential to them, Queenie."

They had been sitting silent, dominated by a consciousness of each other's presence.

"Shall we go on the balcony?"

"Hallo," said Mayfield presently, suddenly realising Chester's and his sister's absence. "What has become of them?"

"H'h, you great stupid," whispered Pollie Peyton, and launched forth into a brilliant pianoforte solo.

Mayfield looked humble and apologetic. Then, seating himself beside Pollie, he sadly interfered with her solo by putting his arm round her waist. She was thumping the piano inartistically now—and there were tears in her eyes.

Stars and moon were lighting the heavens as Queenie and Chester passed on to the balcony. The murmur of London sounded like a distant voice.

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No words were spoken for a while; but presently the man's hand stole into the woman's as if seeking for comfort and love.

She turned to him not understanding.

"Frank," she whispered. "My heart has wept for you."

But he was asking for something more than the sympathy of her womanly heart.

"Little woman," he whispered, "have you no more to give me than this?"

He had taken both her hands. They were trembling now.

"Would it be a help to you?" she whispered.

"A help? It would be all the world to me!" he answered hoarsely. "Oh, Queenie, Queenie, I want your love; I want you to become part of my life for always!"

He bowed his head reverently, almost beseechingly, as in the presence of one who was above him, his better in all things, and kissed her hands.

She did not withdraw from him. Tears were trembling in her eyes.

"Little woman, I love you, I love you! You will not be jealous of a sacred memory."

He held open his arms. With a whispered sob she nestled close to his heart and yielded her own to his. It was a solemn moment of perfect love and perfect understanding—at last!

The piano in the adjoining room was silent now. Only the sound of the distant, murmuring voice of London, and the solemn throb of two hearts pulsing in a wondrous union of love.

Yet a shadowy third was present, yet not coming between. For this was the fulfilment of Eve's wish voiced as she waited the coming of death and looked into the future.

"My love—my life!" whispered Chester.

THE END.

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